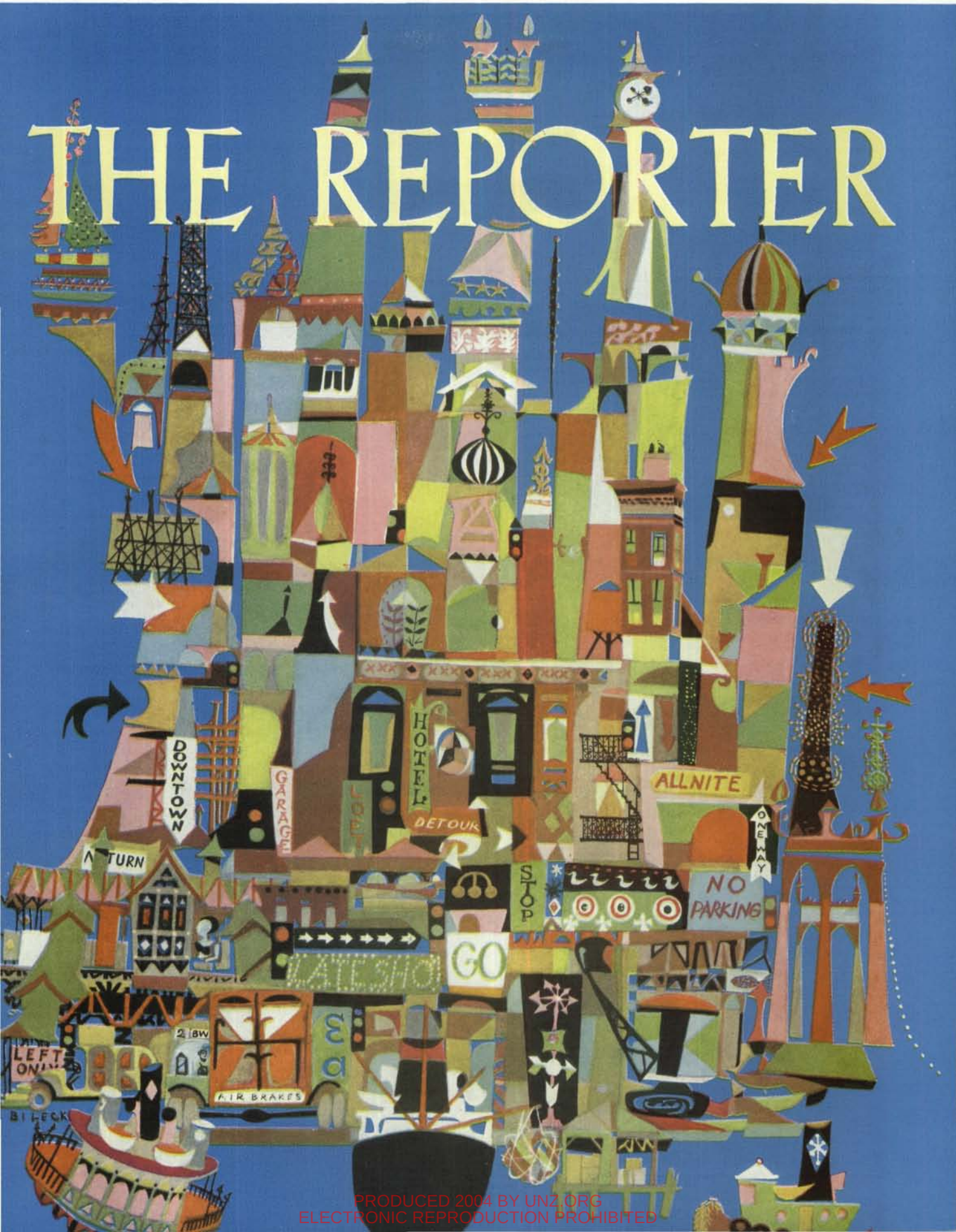
NEW YORK, THE RUNAWAY CITY

SEPTEMBER 8, 1955 25¢

THE REPORTER



PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AN IMPORTANT MESSAGE FROM THE SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY

A THREE-WAY PARTNERSHIP THAT BENEFITS EVERYBODY

How the public, the magazine publishers and the U. S. Government cooperate to help keep the nation's economy growing always stronger

AS a reader of this magazine, the chances are that you belong to a "three-way partnership" dedicated to intelligent saving and a sound economy. For you probably buy United States Savings Bonds. Nearly 40 per cent of the families in America own them. Most Bond-owning families have saved enough in this way to pay for a serious illness, to provide something for old age, to make a down payment on a house or take a long trip. And perhaps most important, these families have the wonderful feeling of security that the ownership and holding of these Bonds bring.

Americans today are buying Savings Bonds at an annual rate of more than $5,000,000,000. In the time it takes you to read this page, approximately one minute, America will buy $10,000 worth of Series E and H Bonds!

How, you may ask, did this come about?

It came about through a great program of voluntary cooperation with the Treasury Department on the part of many groups, organizations and citizens. The magazine publishers have from the beginning been among the major supporters of the Bond program. They contribute millions of dollars' worth of advertising space each year.

Full credit for making Bond-buying a national habit is due that "three-way partnership"—the American citizen, the Government, and the volunteer groups, such as the magazine publishers, who bring buyer and seller together through the pages of their publications.

All three partners will profit further by continuing to help increase the nation's saving through the sale of Savings Bonds.

For so effectively promoting the national welfare I wish, on behalf of the Government, to extend to the magazine publishers our most sincere thanks.

Secretary of the Treasury

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Dramatic Demonstration OF THE BOOK-DIVIDEND SYSTEM OF THE BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB

Given to you... IF YOU JOIN THE CLUB NOW AND AGREE TO BUY SIX BOOKS DURING THE NEXT YEAR

ANY ONE of these *Valuable Library Sets*

Carl Sandburg's
Pulitzer Prize-Winning Biography
ABRAHAM LINCOLN
THE WAR YEARS
In Four Volumes • Retail Price $36.00

Winston Churchill's
THE SECOND WORLD WAR
IN SIX VOLUMES
Retail Price
(If Bought Separately) $36.00

GREAT SHORT NOVELS
IN FOUR VOLUMES • BOXED
Retail Price $21.00
Partial List of Authors

Balzac	Gogol	Katherine Anne Porter
Chekhov	Aldous Huxley	Tolstoy
Conrad	Henry James	Turgenev
Stephen Crane	Samuel Johnson	*Edith Wharton*
Dostoevsky	Malraux	Virginia Woolf
George Eliot	Melville	Zola
Flaubert	Stendhal	

THIS INTRODUCTORY OFFER IS A DEMONSTRATION of three marked advantages of membership in the Book-of-the-Month Club.* First, as a member, you are kept from missing the important new books. Secondly, you get Club choices at a considerable saving: an average of about 20% less than the retail price, over the past two years. On top of this, you share in about $12,000,000 worth of free books (retail value) distributed during the year among members as Book-Dividends. Because of its large membership the Club prints enormous editions of its selections at a great saving in manufacturing costs. The money thus saved is invested in editions of other desirable volumes, each of which is a Book-Dividend* given without charge to members. The Library Set you choose to receive, free, represents "advanced" Book-Dividends, earned by the purchase of the six books you engage to buy during the year.

★ **YOU AGREE TO BUY AS FEW AS SIX BOOKS** within your first year of membership, from among the Club Selections and Alternates. During the year at least 100 good books will be made available to you, from which you may choose. You receive a careful advance description of each Selection and if you think it is a book you would *not* enjoy, you send back a form (always provided) specifying some other book you may want. Or you may say: "Send me nothing next month."

★ **YOU WILL RECEIVE AT ONCE ALL THE VOLUMES OF THE LIBRARY SET YOU CHOOSE.** They will be sent with the first book you order from the Club. For a list of good books from which you can make your first selection, please see coupon.

★ **AFTER BUYING SIX BOOKS** — and as long as you remain a member—you will receive a Book-Dividend with every second book you buy from among the Club Selections and Alternates.

★ **YOU MAY CANCEL YOUR MEMBERSHIP** any time after buying six books. Membership in the Club is for no fixed period, continuing until notice of cancellation is received from the member.

BEGIN YOUR MEMBERSHIP WITH ANY OF THESE

- ☐ **MARJORIE MORNINGSTAR** by Herman Wouk — *Price (to members only) $3.95*
- ☐ **THE GOOD SHEPHERD** by C. S. Forester — *Price (to members only) $3.75*
- ☐ **SOMETHING OF VALUE** by Robert Ruark — *Price (to members only) $3.95*
- Double Selection
  - ☐ **ONIONS IN THE STEW** by Betty MacDonald and **NECTAR IN A SIEVE** by Kamala Markandaya — *Combined Price (to members only) $3.95*
- ☐ **GRANDFATHER STORIES** by Samuel Hopkins Adams *$3.50*
- ☐ **NO TIME FOR SERGEANTS** by Mac Hyman *$2.95*
- ☐ **SINCERELY, WILLIS WAYDE** by John P. Marquand *$3.95*
- ☐ **GERTRUDE LAWRENCE AS MRS. A** by Richard Stoddard Aldrich — *Price (to members only) $3.95*
- ☐ **PARTY OF ONE** by Clifton Fadiman — *Price (to members only) $3.95*

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, Inc. A1059
345 Hudson Street, New York 14, N. Y.

Please enroll me as a member and send, free, the work I have checked below with the purchase of my first selection, indicated above. I agree to purchase at least five additional monthly Selections—or Alternates—during the first year I am a member. I have the right to cancel my membership any time after buying six selections from the Club. (A small charge is added for each book bought to cover postage and mailing expenses.)

(Indicate which of these three works you wish to receive free)

☐ **The Second World War** ☐ **Abraham Lincoln** ☐ **Great Short Novels**

Mr. / Mrs. / Miss } .....
(Please Print Plainly)

Address.....

City..... Postal Zone No. (if any) ..... *State*.....

Book prices are slightly higher in Canada, but the Club ships to Canadian members without any extra charge for duty, through Book-of-the-Month Club (Canada), Ltd.

*Trade-Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. and in Canada

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE REPORTER'S NOTES

Florence on the Potomac

The Senate's tentative approval just before adjournment of proposals for the erection of memorials on the Capitol grounds to the late President Franklin D. Roosevelt and Senator Robert A. Taft has let loose what threatens to become a flood of suggestions for similar monuments to other statesmen.

Senator Styles Bridges has asked Congress to approve a memorial to President Coolidge. Former ambassador Phelps Phelps, on the occasion of Secretary of State Cordell Hull's death, declared that he thought the eminent Tennesseean ought to have one too. The enterprising Democratic Senator Richard L. Neuberger crossed party lines to propose that Congress also honor the memory of his distinguished fellow Oregonian, Senator Charles L. McNary, with a bird bath or small fountain to symbolize his "abiding interest in the outdoors, wildlife, and our priceless water resources."

The prospect of a flowering of memorial art on our hallowed Capitol grounds leads one to thoughts of a possible Renaissance along the Potomac, with Republican Brunelleschis competing with Democratic Ghibertis to honor their rival patrons. The question is, Just how far will this competition go? The backers of the Taft memorial say they are thinking in terms of a 115-foot marble bell tower ringed with fountains. What are the backers of the simultaneous Roosevelt memorial thinking of? Possibly something taller, with more bells? Clearly an issue of artistic bipartisanship arises here, if the lawns and walks of the Capitol are not to erupt into a forest of aspiring dynastic architecture such as, say, the towers of San Gimignano.

As the movement to immortalize our recent leaders spreads, who will determine the most fitting iconography for each? How had President Coolidge best be memorialized, in a Sioux chief's headdress or in a rocking chair on a slab of Vermont marble? Theodore Roosevelt offers many possibilities—an armed equestrian figure, or in a pith helmet downing a lion rampant. But how about the late Senator Borah, when his partisans also get an appropriation? Or William Jennings Bryan? And former Vice-President John N. Garner and the other living elder statesmen of our own day, when their hour also strikes? Should there simply be more towers, bells, and bird baths, or possibly a form of statuary that more closely reflects our Republic and that would show them with some symbols of their calling—gavels, cigars, broad grins, or an appropriation bill in an upraised arm?

The aesthetic possibilities are legion—so long as there's room left on the Capitol lawn.

Marines to the Rescue

After long reflection upon the moral and military problems created by the brainwashing of American soldiers in Communist China's prison camps, a ten-man Pentagon committee has come up with a report detailing the tortures our men have endured and a Code of Conduct calling upon them in the future never to give in.

The President by Executive Order made the code binding on all members of the armed forces, and the committee's ten generals, admirals, and Assistant Secretaries shut their briefcases to go on to other business. Thus, it was indicated, a great issue was settled.

Every serviceman must now subscribe to a six-point creed beginning, "I am an American fighting man.... If I am captured I will continue to resist by all means available.... When questioned, should I become a prisoner of war, I am bound to give only name, rank, service number and date of birth.... I will trust in my God and in the United States of America."

The serviceman has already subscribed to the same creed when he takes his oath of allegiance and places himself under service regulations that prescribe just this behavior under capture. Now he does so twice, presumably gaining moral sustenance thereby against hunger marches, thumbscrews, and all-night interrogations.

THE COMMITTEE'S report, though, looked further than its code into the problems that face our men in the hands of Communist tormentors. "A large number of American P.O.W.'s did not know what the Communist program was all about," it declared, pointing to ignorance as a major source of weakness in the face of proselytizers. "Many had never before heard of Karl Marx. And here was Communism held up as the salvation of the world and Marx as mankind's benefactor." What did the committeemen suggest? Do they mean to imply that it might not be enough, after all, for an American soldier simply to trust in God and the United States, as the code prescribes, but that service indoctrination courses in the theory and practice of Marxism-Leninism might also be advisable? We dread to think where this might lead—particularly on Capitol Hill.

The committee did at least specify that since so many G.I.s showed an abysmal lack of knowledge about their own country as well as about Karl Marx, indoctrination in Americanism should be undertaken. Appealing for "spiritual and educational

THE REPORTER, September 8, 1955. Volume 13, No. 3. Entered as second-class matter at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Published every other Thursday, except for omission of two summer issues, by The Reporter Magazine Company, 136 East 57th Street, New York 22, N. Y. Copyright 1955 by The Reporter Magazine Company. All rights reserved under Pan-American Copyright Convention. Subscription price, United States, Canada, and U.S. Possessions: One year $5, Two years $8, Three years $10. All other countries: One year $6, Two years $10, Three years $13. Please give four weeks' notice when changing your address, giving old and new address. Indexed in *Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature* and *Public Affairs Information Service*.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Choose ANY THREE of these outstanding NEW Books:

GERTRUDE LAWRENCE AS MRS. A. *by Richard S. Aldrich.* The unforgettable life story of the stage's most fascinating personality — crowded with intimate glimpses of her famous and fabulous friends — and the off-stage story of the wonderful love affair between this beautiful, coquettish star and the proper New Englander she married. Photographs. *List price $4.95.*

TIGER OF THE SNOWS *by Tenzing of Everest, with James Ramsey Ullman.* An unknown, humbly-born Tibetan came down from Mt. Everest to find himself a hero — one of the only two men ever to stand on the earth's highest spot. Here's the warm and moving story of this simple man, the mountain, and the bonds that drew them together. *List price $4.50.*

LELIA: The Life of George Sand *by Andre Maurois.* Full-length portrait of the extraordinary being that was George Sand — the unconventional, brilliant queen of 19th Century French letters. Illust. *List price $5.00*

MELBOURNE *by Lord David Cecil.* Born to the peerage, but unsure of his paternity—adored by women, yet cuckholded by his wife — Lord Melbourne rose above personal crisis to become a history-making Prime Minister. *List price $5.00.*

PARIS CUISINE *by James Beard and Alex Watt.* Two hundred unique recipes to make your reputation as a party chef! Delicious *specialites* from fashionable Maxim's to backstreet *bistros* — easily prepared in American kitchens. *List price $5.00.*

TREADMILL TO OBLIVION *by Fred Allen.* The most brilliant satirist of the entertainment world takes apart his 17 years of radio stardom and shows what made them click. Here's the inside story of zany admen, touchy V.P.'s, stuffed-shirt sponsors and authors like Herman Wouk, who cut his eye teeth writing for Allen's Alley. Cartoons by Hirschfeld. *List price $4.00.*

MADAME DE POMPADOUR *by Nancy Mitford.* How to catch a king! Here is an intimate picture of life, love and politics at the court of Louis XV —and of the brilliant and bewitching woman who became Louis' mistress. Illustrated. *List price $4.75.*

DUAL SELECTION: Counts as One Book **TO THE ONE I LOVE THE BEST** *by Ludwig Bemelmans.* Lady Mendl was 90 years old when Bemelmans met her, weighed 90 pounds without her jewels, and practically ruled the "international set." Actress, *grande dame*, arbitrator of fashion and high society, here she is as only Bemelmans could portray her. *List price $3.75;*

AND

A TRAIN OF POWDER *by Rebecca West.* A new and fascinating kind of trial and crime reporting by one of today's great literary artists. The Nurnberg trials, the Allied occupation of Germany, two brutal murder trials and an espionage trial are brought to life with the impact of sheer horror. *List price $3.75.*

Check the 3 books you want for ONLY $2.95

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY BOOK CLUB, Dept. RR-10,
251 Fourth Ave., New York 10, N. Y.

- ☐ GERTRUDE LAWRENCE AS MRS. A.
- ☐ LELIA
- ☐ MELBOURNE
- ☐ TIGER OF THE SNOWS
- ☐ PARIS CUISINE
- ☐ TREADMILL TO OBLIVION
- ☐ MADAME DE POMPADOUR
- ☐ TO THE ONE I LOVE THE BEST *and* A TRAIN OF POWDER

Send me at once the THREE titles I have checked here, two as my enrollment gifts and one as my first selection, and bill me ONLY $2.95, plus a few cents for postage and packing. Forthcoming selections will be described to me IN ADVANCE, and I may decline any book *simply by returning a printed form. You will* send me a valuable FREE BONUS BOOK each time I purchase four additional selections or alternates. My only obligation is to accept four selections or alternates in the first year I am a member, and I may resign at any time after accepting four such books. **GUARANTEE: If not completely satisfied, I may return my first shipment within 7 days, and membership will be cancelled.**

NAME .....
(PLEASE PRINT)

ADDRESS .....

CITY .....ZONE....STATE.....

A Genuine Bargain Offer to introduce you to THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY BOOK CLUB

LOOK at the books pictured above and you will know instantly why the Atlantic Monthly Book Club has attracted so many readers of taste and intelligence. Now this Club makes you an extraordinary offer—choose any THREE of these excellent books for yourself, and receive them at once for ONLY $2.95 with membership! The books you can get through this unusual sample offer are worth as much as $17.50 in publishers' retail editions.

Is this the book club you have been waiting for?

Many people with a cultivated taste in reading have hesitated to join book clubs which choose their selections for the "mass market." It was to serve these discriminating people that this book club—sponsored by the Atlantic Monthly Magazine—was organized. *It chooses its selections solely for readers of genuine taste and intelligence.*

Through the Atlantic Monthly Book Club you can now get *outstanding* new books at special Member's Prices. You save as much as 40% or more, including the value of your bonus books.

You take only those books you want: as few as four a year if you wish. You may receive and examine them *before* you pay for them. And each book is described to you well IN ADVANCE by the Club's distinguished Board of Editors—Edward Weeks, Charles Morton and Charles Rolo.

Valuable Bonus Books, Too!

With every fourth selection you purchase, you receive a handsome and valuable *Bonus Gift Book from your Club.* Thus you save money in *two ways,* while you are building a really worthwhile library. (Last year members saved an average of about $2.35 on each selection, including the value of their bonus books!)

Right now is an excellent time to become a trial member of the Atlantic Monthly Book Club, with the privilege of resigning any time after you accept four selections. If you act without delay, you may pick *any three books from this page.* They are yours for only $2.95 (plus few cents for shipping) as a special demonstration to new members! Mail the coupon now!

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

bulwarks," it recommended that the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare be called in for "exploratory conferences." But meanwhile the committee's own vice-chairman, General John E. Hull, former Supreme Commander in the Far East, brought into question from a military point of view one traditional facet of Americanism.

Of all the U.N. troops engaged in the Korean War, General Hull remarked, the ones who had stood up best under Communist prison treatment were the Turks. The Turks were a disciplined, "pretty rugged race of people," he said; besides, "the average Turkish soldier isn't accustomed to the corner-drugstore type of life that many of our people are." What was the General getting at with this seeming disparagement of an ingrained American folkway? A suggestion that in order to stand up better against the Communists, the G.I. be weaned away from the corner-drugstore way of life and taught to emulate the Turk?

CUTTING THROUGH this confusion of counsel, the U.S. Marines established an ideological beachhead with a new approach of their own. If our men are going to be subjected to cruel tortures in case Communists lay hands on them, why not steel them by putting them through a sample of such tortures right here at home? During a training exercise at Camp Pendleton, California, just after the new code was proclaimed, a group of thirty Marine reserve airmen were put out in rough terrain and ordered to break for the hills in order to avoid being captured by the "enemy." An "Aggressor" force of sixty regulars of the Marines' First Amphibious Reconnaissance Company was lying in wait for them.

The regulars caught them and gave them the treatment. According to a United Press dispatch from the camp, "The captured reservists were questioned and then made to exercise to the point of near exhaustion. Their clothing was removed and they were placed in hot cages or pits that were too shallow for standing and too cramped for sitting. They were denied food, water and tobacco."

The dispatch did not reveal whether the "Aggressor" regulars, in order to add further realism to their impersonation of Oriental captors, subjected the young reservists also to brainwashing, the forced signing of false confessions, and Communist indoctrination. All that the UP reported, somewhat proudly, was, "But none of them cracked."

We doubt whether a hazing performance under California's August sun could undermine a soldier's attachment to the Code of Conduct and his trust in his God and the United States. But it might well undermine his trust in the sanity of the officers who made him go through the ordeal.

How to Coexist at Home

In a summit gesture of good will to our Southern countrymen, Postmaster General Arthur E. Summerfield recently announced the early issuance of a thirty-cent stamp depicting Robert E. Lee.

Casting about for an appropriate time and place for the formal issue of this tribute to the Confederate leader, Mr. Summerfield's department hit upon September 21 at Norfolk, Virginia. Why Norfolk? Why September 21? at once demanded aroused voices from the South. Didn't this Michigander know that General Lee's birthday was January 19, not September 21, and that his home was not in Norfolk but in Alexandria? Norfolk indeed!

To reporters looking into the reasons for the Department's politically explosive choice, a clue was suggested by the fact that the American Philatelic Society—with which the Post Office Department does a lot of business through the Philatelic Agency in Washington—is to meet at Norfolk precisely on September 21. "At least," a Post Office spokesman said defensively, "Norfolk is in Virginia."

This was hardly enough to appease the hardy upholders of the Lee tradition. Congressmen intervened. Accordingly, while the Post Office will carry through its plan of issuing the stamps at Norfolk in order to please the assembled philatelists, sheets of the stamps will be flown the same day to Alexandria for presentation to city officials and Lee descendants.

Teamwork has triumphed, and all is again quiet along the Potomac.

Alas, Poor William!

William Shakespeare, a notorious recidivist, got in trouble again the other day in the City of Brotherly Love.

The Philadelphia Shakespearean Festival Players had been preparing a production of *The Merchant of Venice* when they were notified that a permit to perform in downtown Reyburn Park would be denied them. The drama was "controversial," declared Wayne Barr, head of the city's Bureau of Public Information, advising the Recreation Department that some other play should be substituted. "*Merchant of Venice* is one of those plays that can be presented in one section of the city but not another," said Charles B. Cranford, Deputy Commissioner of Recreation; "We cannot gamble on offending anyone." So the players were permitted to pack up their wigs and costumes, take them out to Pastorius Park in genteel Germantown, and put on their show there.

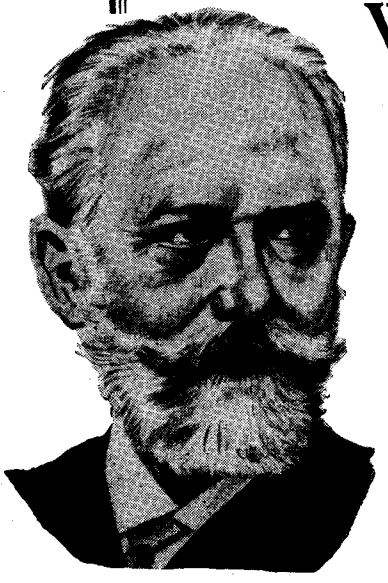
FRED GROSSMAN, one of the directors of the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith, at once deplored the ban and declared that his organization, far from ever objecting to the performing of *The Merchant of Venice,* was entirely opposed to the censoring of literature. "Actually," he said, "an alert teacher expounding on the play can usually use the character of Shylock as a very fine intercultural lesson."

Radio Station KYW, which covers all of Philadelphia, decided there was something amiss in a ruling that permitted one section of the metropolis, but not another, to have access to Shakespeare's play. So it devoted two and a quarter hours on the next Sunday afternoon to present the play in full as recorded for the BBC by the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre at Stratford-on-Avon.

We don't know whether KYW offended anyone thereby. No demonstrations outside its studios were reported. The station's standing with the Federal Communications Commission, which has the power to withdraw its license, appears unimpaired. So Shakespeare, despite the efforts of the city fathers of urbane Benjamin Franklin's town, at least holds the freedom of the air above it.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A SENSIBLE WAY TO HELP YOU UNDERSTAND MUSIC BETTER AND ENJOY IT MORE



Will you accept— without charge—

A COMPLETE PERFORMANCE—WITH AN ILLUMINATING ANALYSIS ON A SEPARATE RECORD—OF

Tchaikovsky's

FIFTH SYMPHONY

MAX RUDOLF *conducting* The Stadium Concerts Symphony Orchestra

NOTE: Because of the unusual length of the symphony, the Tchaikovsky recording is on two records—a 12" disc with the performance on both sides, and a 10" disc with the analysis on both sides.

AS A DEMONSTRATION OF

MUSIC-APPRECIATION RECORDS

SPONSORED BY THE BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, this new idea is designed for those who enjoy good music but who are aware, too often, that they do not listen to it with complete understanding and appreciation. There is no doubt about the reason: most of us are not properly primed about *what to listen for.* MUSIC-APPRECIATION RECORDS meet this need—for a fuller understanding of music—better than any means ever devised. This enjoyable form of self-education can be as thorough as the Music Appreciation courses given in many universities.

YOU SUBSCRIBE BUT TAKE ONLY THE RECORDS YOU WANT . . . A new MUSIC-APPRECIATION RECORD will be issued—for subscribers only—every month. Ultimately, all the great masterpieces of music will be included. The announcement about each forthcoming record will be written by the noted composer and music commentator Deems Taylor. After reading this descriptive essay you may take the record or not, as you decide at the time. *You are not obligated to take any specified number of records.* And you may stop the subscription *at any time you please!*

TWO TYPES OF RECORDS . . . All MUSIC-APPRECIATION RECORDS are high-fidelity, long-playing records of the highest quality – 33⅓ R.P.M. on Vinylite. They are usually of two kinds: first, a so-called Standard Record—a *twelve-inch* disc—which presents the performance on one side, the analysis on the other. This is sold at $3.60, to subscribers only. The other is an Analysis-Only Record – a *ten-inch* disc – priced at $2.40. The latter is made available each month for any subscriber who may already have a satisfactory long-playing recording of the work being presented. (A small charge is added to the prices above to cover postage and handling.)

TRY A ONE-MONTH SUBSCRIPTION—WITH NO OBLIGATION TO CONTINUE . . . Why not make a simple trial, to see if these records are as pleasurable and as enlightening as you may anticipate? The *Tchaikovsky* recording will be sent to you at once—*without charge.* You may end the subscription immediately after hearing this recording or you may cancel any time thereafter. In any case, the gift recording is yours to keep.

Typical Comment:

"Music has been my whole life—but not until I heard my first MUSIC-APPRECIATION RECORD did I realize how much I had been missing when I listened to orchestral music. I subscribed originally for my son, but quickly found that my own enjoyment of orchestral music was increased far beyond what I dreamed possible."

—JARMILA NOVOTNA
Star of the Metropolitan Opera

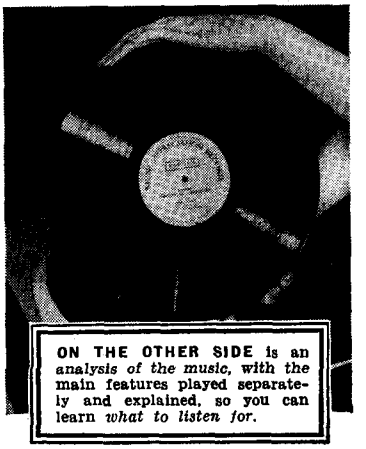
"In a few minutes, MUSIC-APPRECIATION RECORDS taught me more about Beethoven's Fifth Symphony than I learned in a month in a course at college!"

—BENNETT CERF
Publisher and Columnist

"As a lover of music I am profoundly impressed by Mr. Scherman's extraordinary capacity as a born teacher. Instead of dealing in generalities . . . Scherman really gives the attentive listener concrete, invaluable help."

—PAUL J. SACHS
Professor of Fine Arts, Emeritus, of Harvard University

ON ONE SIDE there is a full performance of a great musical work, featuring artists of recognized distinction. You listen to this performance, and then . . .



ON THE OTHER SIDE is an analysis of the music, with the main features played separately and explained, so you can learn *what to listen for.*

PLEASE RETURN ONLY IF YOU HAVE A 33⅓ R.P.M. RECORD PLAYER

MUSIC-APPRECIATION RECORDS R11-9
c/o Book-of-the-Month Club, Inc. 345 Hudson Street, New York 14

Please send me at once, without charge, the Music-Appreciation Recording of *Tchaikovsky's Fifth Symphony,* and enter my name in a Trial Subscription to MUSIC-APPRECIATION RECORDS, under the conditions stated above. It is understood that, as a subscriber, I am not obligated to buy any specified number of records, but may take only those I want. Also, I may cancel my subscription after hearing this first recording, or any time thereafter at my pleasure, but the introductory recording is free in any case.

Mr.
Mrs.
Miss .....
(PLEASE PRINT)

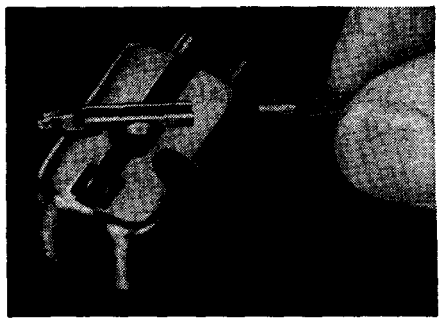
ADDRESS.....

CITY..... ZONE..... STATE.....

MAR 38

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SAVES TIME, MONEY, RECORDS!



The new G-E Cartridge with exclusive Clip-In-Tip Stylus!

Now anyone can replace G-E Styli —instantly! The new, years-ahead General Electric stylus design turns this neat trick—replacement is made in a moment, at home. No trips to a store, no long waiting period, no installation time or expense.

The CLIP-IN-TIP makes it easy to always use good styli—never worn edges to injure recordings. Best of all, this is the finest performer in all of G.E.'s famous cartridge history.

It's easy to change with G-E!

Just raise the stylus shaft, replace the insert. The CLIP-IN-TIP can be used in existing G-E dual cartridges, or in new single and dual cartridges.

Make sure your new phono has G-E CARTRIDGE. When you purchase a new phonograph, regardless of make, insist on a General Electric Cartridge for less record wear, superior record tracking, and record reproduction.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

CORRESPONDENCE

THE POLIO VACCINE

To the Editor: The two articles on the distribution and handling of the Salk polio vaccine problem ("The Polio Gamble" by Lin Root and "How Canada Handled the Salk Vaccine" by Robert Crichton, *The Reporter*, July 14) starkly contrast the prevailing American attitude with that found elsewhere in the world—an attitude that dominates our political, business, social, and moral thinking.

The pomp and ceremony, the glittering generalities, the big claims requiring bigger programs and counterclaims, and the disappointing cases of vaccinated polio victims are frightful reminders that we in the United States are unable to effectively handle problems that require national planning and coordination.

A course of action arrived at by sifting through the results of repeated mistakes is hardly adequate to lead the world. While to err is human, to be blind or use hindsight instead of intelligent foresight, and to emphasize local and private initiative for obviously national problems, implies either personal greed or unconcern—qualities that may cost us not only our position of world prominence but also our lives.

FLOYD D. BARROWS
Los Angeles

To the Editor: I read the articles on the poliomyelitis vaccine with considerable interest. The article by Lin Root is an especially clear exposition of the problems involved in the development, production, and testing of an inactivated virus vaccine against poliomyelitis.

LEONARD A. SCHEELE, M.D.
Surgeon General of the United States
Washington

To the Editor: The article seems to be a very good review of the whole subject of poliomyelitis.

JOHN F. ENDERS, M.D.
Children's Hospital, Boston

To the Editor: I think Miss Root has done a very important and effective review of the steps that have led up to the current discussions. May I say that I think she handled that aspect of the problem in which the Children's Bureau was involved very accurately and thoughtfully.

Both of the articles on the polio situation will do much to help people understand the complexity of the total situation.

MARTHA M. ELIOT, M.D.
Chief of the Children's Bureau
Department of Health, Education and Welfare
Washington

To the Editor: I have read your two articles on polio vaccine with intense interest. Robert Crichton has done a very accurate, hard-hitting story on the picture in Canada, and if it were not for the risk of becoming smug, we would bask in the many fine things which he and other American writers have said about us.

A. D. KELLY, M.D.
General Secretary
The Canadian Medical Association
Toronto

To the Editor: Lin Root certainly did an amazing job of digging out information and pulling it together. The story of the Canadian effort was also beautifully done. It is interesting to see what happens when people are not afraid of that four-letter word "plan."

LEONA BAUMGARTNER, M.D.
Commissioner of Health
The City of New York

To the Editor: I must confess that I was not previously acquainted with your magazine, but if this is a sample of the type of reporting, it should be a very worthwhile publication.

FRANKLIN D. YODER, M.D.
Director
Department of Health
Cheyenne, Wyoming

To the Editor: I think "The Polio Gamble" by Lin Root is the most unbiased and thorough accounting of the polio vaccine story which I have had an opportunity to read.

A. L. GRAY, M.D.
Director
State Board of Health
Jackson, Mississippi

To the Editor: I make no pretense at being acquainted with all of the facts in this vexed and addled situation, but I think Miss Root has done an excellent job of presenting her material fairly, concisely, and in an orderly, understandable fashion—and the Lord knows there has been little enough of that kind of writing and talking about the Salk vaccine. The restraint with which she has handled some very sticky facts does her great credit and is an uncommon compliment to her readers' intelligence.

FLOYD S. MARKHAM
Lederle Laboratories
Pearl River, New York

To the Editor: Lin Root's article, "The Polio Gamble," is the most complete chronological report of the development of the Salk vaccine and the controversy about it that has come to my attention. She has impartially and effectively presented the part played by each of the principal participants in the Salk vaccine controversy in this country. More attention and credit, however, might well have been assigned to earlier work, including that before 1938.

Robert Crichton's article, "How Canada Handled the Salk Vaccine," is a splendid story of a job well done by the Canadian health officials. Perhaps it also indirectly reflects credit on the more objective, patient, and less selfish type of reporting and other publicity encountered in Canada; slightly

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Grolier Society Inc . . . Publisher of The Book of Knowledge invites you to "pre-view"

A new idea...which brings together YOU and the world's Great Books!

As a demonstration, take this handsome volume containing four expertly condensed classics—plus an unusual and rewarding Home Course in the Great Books.

Bound in Simulated Leather With Colorful Side Pieces—Stamped in Pure 24-Karat Gold
HOME COURSE IN THE GREAT BOOKS
MOBY DICK
LIFE OF JOHNSON
THE ODYSSEY
DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE

Take this huge 4-in-1 volume BEAUTIFULLY BOUND plus this CLASSICS APPRECIATION COURSE . . . *both for only* 10¢

With each Classics Appreciation Volume *you will receive a*

HOME COURSE *in* THE GREAT BOOKS

Outstanding authorities "discuss" with you—and enable you to enjoy to the fullest—all the great works in each big Volume of classics. You will find yourself reading, quoting and *appreciating* the world's great books with more satisfaction than you would ever have thought possible! Here is the essence of a college literature course worth hundreds of dollars.

YOUR 4-in-1 VOLUME CONTAINS:

MOBY DICK by Herman Melville. This titanic, violent story of Good and Evil is believed by many to be the finest novel ever written in America.

THE ODYSSEY by Homer. The ageless cornerstone of Greek culture. Unless you know these exciting tales of gods and goddesses, battle and seduction, much of the world's great literature will remain only half-understood.

Boswell's *LIFE OF JOHNSON*. This witty, perceptive portait of an eccentric genius is unsurpassed in the field of biography.

DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE by Edward Gibbon. The most astonishing history ever written of a nation's decadence and degeneration.

PLUS . . . Samuel Johnson's famous letter to Lord Chesterfield . . . Guy de Maupassant's touching short story, "Ball of Fat" . . . and Abraham Lincoln's deeply moving Second Inaugural Address.

This 600-page, luxuriously bound Volume—plus the accompanying Home Course in the Great Books—are BOTH YOURS TO KEEP FOR ONE DIME on this offer! Mail coupon now!

A sensible way to enjoy and understand the world's Great Books . . . while you build a fine library!

THIS Demonstration Offer is your introduction to a thrilling new cultural program, offered by the Classics Appreciation Society for those of us who have not yet had the time to read the world's great books—or have lacked the guidance for full understanding of these masterpieces.

Now these "giants" of literature have been gathered into an integrated monthly program, in skillfully condensed form. In this way, the Society is able to include in each month's huge Volume *four different books* . . . plus a number of shorter works . . . a magnificent treasury of the greatest riches of the human mind and spirit!

Be "At Home" with the Classics

But here is the truly original, truly wonderful aspect of the Society's plan! Each month you will receive a Home Course in the Great Books—*yours at no extra cost*—which gives you real *insight into the masterworks you will read.* Thus you will be able to enjoy, quote and discuss each book with pleasure and self-assurance.

YOU be the Judge of this Program!

Simply by mailing the coupon with only 10¢, you will receive this 600-page Volume, together with the accompanying Home Course in the Great Books. *Both are yours to keep!* If, after examining this big Demonstration Package, you decide that the program is truly worthwhile, you may receive each month another 4-in-1 Volume in matching binding, containing another four or more Great Works, together with its Course. You pay only $2.95, plus a few cents shipping, for *BOTH the large Volume AND its Course!*

Right now is the best time to investigate this new program, but this offer is necessarily limited. Mail the coupon today!

CLASSICS APPRECIATION SOCIETY, Dept. RE-9
2 West 45th Street
New York 36, N. Y.

I enclose 10¢ to help cover shipping costs. Please send me the Demonstration Volume described above, and its accompanying Home Course in the Great Books, which are mine to keep without further charge. Also include —on approval—the next 4-in-1 Volume and its accompanying Course at the Member's low price of only $2.95 (plus few cents for shipping). I understand the Society will issue a new Volume and Course each month, for which I need pay only $2.95 plus small shipping charge. I do not have to accept any minimum number of books and *I may stop whenever I wish.*

Name.....

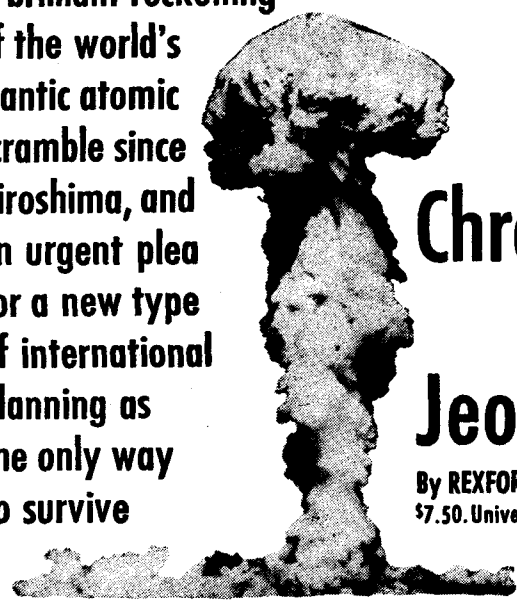
Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

The Classics Appreciation Society is a division of The Grolier Society, Inc., publishers since 1895.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A brilliant reckoning of the world's frantic atomic scramble since Hiroshima, and an urgent plea for a new type of international planning as the only way to survive



A Chronicle of Jeopardy

By REXFORD GUY TUGWELL

$7.50. University of Chicago Press

a checkup to help yourself . . .

AMERICAN CANCER SOCIETY — RESEARCH EDUCATION SERVICE

a check to help others.

LINGUAPHONE for LANGUAGES

French, Spanish, German, Japanese, Russian, Italian, Modern Greek, Portuguese —34 languages available

Only Linguaphone, World's Standard Conversational Method brings the world's best native language teachers into your home. It's like living in another land. You LISTEN—you hear 8 to 12 outstanding authorities, both men and women, speak —YOU understand—YOU SPEAK—You learn to read and write.

Used internationally by schools, colleges, governments and business firms for personnel training. More than million home-study students of all ages. Send for FREE BOOK or call for FREE Demonstration.

LINGUAPHONE INSTITUTE
157-095 Radio City, N. Y. 20, N. Y. CI 7-0829

LEADERS SOUGHT FOR GROUP TRAVEL ABROAD

IF YOU *delight* in foreign travel—

KNOW places you'd like especially to visit, and subjects that interest you.—

SEEK enlightening contacts with people in other nations.—

CAN FIND ten or more people who share your interests and would travel with you.—

WRITE Goodwin Watson, Ph.D.
Director, World Studytours
Box 523, Rye, New York

World Studytours provides world-wide non-profit educational travel for adults.

Special Anniversary Number . . .

ISSUES BEFORE THE TENTH GENERAL ASSEMBLY

Published by
Carnegie Endowment for International Peace

- What has happened to the UN in the ten years since its establishment?
- What are the major issues which will confront the delegates to the UN General Assembly during this anniversary year?
- What is the background of these issues?

The publication reviews such diversified questions as disarmament, peaceful uses of atomic energy, Charter review, economic development of under-developed countries, covenants on human rights, and problems of dependent peoples in Africa. Approximately 160 pp.

Price 25 cents a copy. Also available at quantity rates. Write to:

Columbia University Press
Box 128
2960 Broadway
New York 27, New York

delayed truthful publicity may receive credit almost equal to the first, but untruthful, story. Many pay for the impatience of a few.

J. S. R. NORTON, M.D.
State Health Officer
State Board of Health
Raleigh, North Carolina

AFTER GENEVA

To the Editor: In what you call "the sunny afterglow of the Geneva Conference" (*The Reporter's* Notes, August 11), is it bad taste to call to mind the many incidental and other more profound parallels between this famous meeting of conservatives and ex-revolutionaries and the prophetic ending of George Orwell's *Animal Farm?*

In the immediate glow following the conference, this reader searched newspaper columns and periodicals for some hint that the similarity of the real and fictional events had been noted, even if only to be explained away. But not even one irreconcilable hard-head had been struck by the closeness with which this universally publicized performance had followed a scenario written many years before—the pigs with their revolution subverted inviting the men of the nearby farms to the great feast, and the pigs looking just like the men! Perhaps we were all too busy applauding our great success in avoiding any atomic war which the Russians had already decided against.

I think that the point was missed because it has become the fashion among a majority of articulate liberals to separate Ike the statesman from Ike the domestic politician, the one good and the other bad. They should not have to be reminded that there is only one of him, that the man who is so pathetically ignorant of the realities of the social issues in his own country does not, by the changing of hats, become a master of the bitter realities of the social issues eating away at our world. What these liberals therefore do not seem to realize is that the Russians know quite well, from their experience in other countries, that they have nothing at all to fear, in any ideological "struggle for men's minds," from that part of America which sees no evil in the Dixon-Yates scheme.

THOMAS F. CONNOLLY
Oak Ridge, Tennessee

To the Editor: Hamilton Fish Armstrong's article (*The Reporter*, July 14) presented an excellent report of Yugoslavia's position vis-à-vis the Soviet Union since 1948, but the explanation promised by the title, "Why the Soviet Woos That 'Mongrel' Tito," simply does not serve to elucidate the conduct of Khrushchev and Bulganin at Belgrade. The real reason for the "theater" staged by this pair of squalid comedians seems transparent to me. Most commentators confined themselves to barely disguised expressions of naïve pleasure mixed with astonishment at the Soviet Union's willingness to "humiliate" itself before Tito. But Khrushchev and Bulganin knew very well in advance that "Tito [would listen] unsmiling." Their buffoonery was not intended to divert this audience of one, but the whole world.

And the world looked and smiled to see them eating crow. And smiled again at Mr.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Molotov's admiration of American art. Really, one would think the man was trying to be nice. And it came hard with him too. It didn't sit on him as naturally as it does on Khrushchev, who was born with the best "dead pan" of all: the ability to look and act the clown—seeing that most men are disarmed by fools.

Belgrade was simply Scene 2 of Act I. The first scene took place offstage, in China some months ago, on the occasion of Khrushchev's visit to Mao, although it had been preceded by a sort of prologue (that was for a different audience) in which Humpty Dumpty, in the person of Malenkov, who had promised to bring a little *douceur de vie* into the life of hard-pressed Ivan, fell from his high place.

If the Soviet Union is overextended at the present moment it is not because of internal problems in its economy. Malenkov, who had spent years at Stalin's side and so was in a position to know, held at the time of the dictator's death that production had already reached a level where mitigation of the austerity of life in Russia was possible. Today we hear a rumor of breakdown in agriculture, which is probably bruited about by the new rulers for consumption abroad. The burden of armaments is actually less oppressive for them than for the West. All those carefully leaked indices seem to this observer just so much poppycock, designed to nurse fales hopes in the West.

Why was the Malenkov plan swept aside? Because there was a new and far greater drain upon the resources of the Soviet Union in prospect: Communist China.

But if Russia was to pour her resources into China (including Pontecorvo) she must have a relaxation of the cold war in the West. Hence her entrance into that diplomatic comedy, whose opening scenes to establish "mood" (conciliation, to be sure) we have been witnessing at Belgrade and Vienna —the grand climax of Act I being reserved for Geneva. Can one doubt, the summit being attained, that Russia has failed to take into her reckoning the ever-deepening currents of neutralism that will flow from Geneva over Europe? Then at last, the party must be telling itself, that mighty Colossus of the West will stand alone, facing both the Dragon and the Bear.

Meanwhile, China has been cautioned to move on tiptoe and to shout only in whispers. The threats against Formosa have subsided, although new Migs proliferate in the Chinese air, and the first atomic reactor is being set up, says a dispatch, adding, of course, "for peaceful purposes."

And now, finally: If in Belgrade the Soviet Union ate crow under self-directed spotlights and in the widest glare of publicity, assuring Tito that "Communist states have a right"—as Mr. Armstrong puts it—"to vary their paths to socialism and hence even their relationship to the Soviet Union and to each other, at different stages in their social development," can Russia, asserting a new Communist doctrine of noninterference, *be held responsible for what China does?* Why, China isn't even a member of the United Nations!

J. R.
Rye, New York

Take any one of these glorious OPERAS FOR ONLY $1.00

NO STRINGS ATTACHED!

An amazing Demonstration of long-playing (33⅓ RPM) High Fidelity Recordings.

SEND NO MONEY!

Georges Bizet
CARMEN
Carmen ..Cora Canne Meyer
Don Jose .....Leo Larsen
Escamillo ..Gerard Holthaus
Micaela ..Corry van Beckum
and other outstanding artists
Breathtaking performance by one of Europe's outstanding *mezzo-sopranos*, Mlle. Cora Canne Meyer, and the Netherlands Philharmonic Orchestra.

W. A. Mozart
THE MARRIAGE OF FIGARO
Figaro ....Siemen Jongsma
Susanna Anneke van der Graaf
Il Conte ....Henk Driessen
La Contessa..Margit Opawsky
and other outstanding artists
Walter Goehr, famous as the conductor of London's B. B. C. Orchestra, brings new charm, gaiety, and heart-lifting beauty to Mozart's great *opera buffa*.

Giuseppe Verdi
LA TRAVIATA
Violetta .....Margit Opawsky
Alfred .....Leo Larsen
Germont .....Henk Driessen
and other outstanding artists
This intensely dramatic masterpiece, brimming with immortal music, receives a production which is pure gold. Mlle. Opawsky of the Vienna Opera sings Violetta with rare distinction.

Enjoy the World's Greatest Operas at Substantial Cash Savings

Here's an exciting offer which will prove to you the amazing values and the life-like high fidelity of The Opera Society's recordings. Select ANY ONE of these magnificent opera performances. Audition it *free of charge* for five days in your own home. Then, if you decide to keep it, send ONLY $1.00 and it's yours, *no strings attached!*

A New Concept in Recorded Opera

We make this special offer to introduce you to a new idea in music enjoyment—*operas planned for record listening.* You'll be amazed at the almost magical "presence" of every voice, every instrument as the greatest music from each opera flows into your living room. You'll hear every famous aria, duet, chorus and overture . . . approximately *one hour* of glorious listening pleasure on every selection.

Each production has been especially "staged" for the Society's members by world-famous singers, orchestras and conductors . . . each has been meticulously recorded on 12 inch, highest fidelity, 33⅓ r.p.m. discs of purest vinylite. And to bring you the greatest possible understanding and enjoyment, an English libretto, plus interesting music notes are included with your records. As your collection grows, you build a valuable musical heritage for yourself and your family.

Trial Membership Advantages

On this Demonstration Offer, you also obtain—without any obligation *ever* to buy another record—a Trial Membership in The Opera Society. This means you have the right to audition in your own home—and acquire if you wish—all the greatest operas and oratorios as they become available in the Society's high fidelity recordings. You pay only for those which—*after having auditioned them*—you decide you really want to own. And you pay only the Member's low price of $2.95 per long-playing 12 inch disc.

We want to *prove* to you how much listening pleasure can be yours at *real cash savings.* Choose your favorite opera from the above list, and rush the coupon—with no money—for your free five-day home trial. If you decide to keep it you pay ONLY $1.00 (plus a few cents shipping)! Act now to get this special value. Memberships are limited by high fidelity production capacity, this offer may soon be withdrawn. Mail the no-money, no-risk coupon today!

SEND COUPON—NO MONEY—NOW!

The Opera Society, Dept. 9-RE
45 Columbus Ave., New York 23, N.Y.

Please send me for FREE AUDITION the new Opera Society recording I have checked below, and enroll me as a Trial Member in the Society.

☐ CARMEN ☐ FIGARO ☐ TRAVIATA

After five days Free Trial I may return the recording and pay nothing. If delighted, I will send you ONLY $1.00 (plus a few cents for shipping) as *payment in full* for this opera performance. I am not obligated to buy any other recordings. I will receive an advance description of forthcoming monthly releases which I may audition free of charge. I do not have to audition any operas or keep any that I do audition. I may cancel my Trial Membership at any time. In the future, I will pay the special Member's Price of only $2.95 (plus a few cents shipping) for each long-playing, high fidelity 12 inch disc I decide to keep.

LIMIT: Only one sample package to a customer!

Name .....
(PLEASE PRINT)
Address .....
City ..... Zone.... State.....

IN CANADA address: 105 Bond Street, Toronto 2, Ontario

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Random House Books

Band of Angels

By ROBERT PENN WARREN. Magnificent, shattering, filled by turn with beauty, with horror, with lyric grandeur, this is the story of Amantha Starr, a Kentucky aristocrat sold into slavery in New Orleans. Literary Guild selection. *$3.95*

Nine Men

By FRED RODELL, Professor of Law, Yale University. A controversial, debunking history of the Supreme Court from 1790 to 1955. It tears aside the ceremony and secrecy, and reveals the *real* Justices under the robes and ritual. *$5.00*

The Secret in the Daisy

By CAROL GRACE. This astonishing novel of a young girl and her first love affair is delightfully unselfconscious, and completely different from anything you have ever read before. *$2.75*

SIX PLAYS BY

Rodgers and Hammerstein

The fabulous hits of America's great musical comedy team: *South Pacific, The King and I, Me and Juliet, Carousel, Oklahoma,* and *Allegro.* *$5.00*

At all bookstores, RANDOM HOUSE, N. Y.

WHO— WHAT— WHY—

HOW TO HANDLE the teeming growth of great metropolitan areas is one of the problems that the twentieth century has notably failed to solve. We have not yet invented new institutions of government to co-ordinate and guide the prodigious areas that make up the modern metropolis. **A. A. Berle, Jr.,** is convinced that the proper institutions will have to be found sooner or later if our cities are not to be engulfed in feudal chaos. His article on New York illustrates a point of major importance: The era of major reforms did not come to a close with the New Deal. The frontiers of government have not been reached even for the phase of the twentieth century we know.

Mr. Berle's knowledge of the theory and practice of government gives him exceptional qualifications to explore the many social forces that exert great influence on our lives but have not yet been brought within the range of our democratic institutions. Mr. Berle was one of Mayor Fiorello LaGuardia's closest advisers. Among the many distinguished government posts he has held have been those of Assistant Secretary of State and Ambassador to Brazil.

To complement his article we append a staff-written series of sketches that show some of the weird and infinitely varied elements that make up this extraordinary thing that is New York.

Sir John Slessor, G.C.B., D.S.O., M.C., was Commander in Chief Coastal Command of the Royal Air Force at the time when German submarines most threatened Britain. He later became Chief of Air Staff and Marshal of the R.A.F. He is the author of *Strategy for the West.* In the article he has written for *The Reporter,* Sir John reasserts the thesis of his book in the light of the Geneva Conference and the recent turn in disarmament negotiations. He believes that we could only think of reducing our nuclear power at the very last phase of a general disarmament program. Meanwhile our diplomacy should be aimed at making the Russian position in eastern Europe untenable.

Few writers have observed the whole question of security investigations as closely as **Anthony Lewis** of the Washington *Daily News.* His "Victim of Nameless Accusers" *(The Reporter,* March 2, 1954), together with his newspaper series on the Chasanow case, won him the Heywood Broun Award and a Pulitzer Prize.

Alex Josey, who reports from Malaya, is Southeast Asia correspondent for the London *News Chronicle.* The traditional institutions of democracy are put to a severe test when adopted by peoples who have won or are in the process of winning their national independence from western powers.

Whether we agree or disagree at times with **Isaac Deutscher's** evaluations of Russian politics, we have no doubt that the opinions of this expert deserve to be known in this country. Mr. Deutscher, author of *Stalin: A Political Biography* and *Russia: What Next?,* is a regular contributor to the Manchester *Guardian.*

WE EARNESTLY HOPE that the articles we have planned for future issues on the subject of education will have some of the stirring quality of **Hortense Calisher's** reminiscences of her school days and her comments thereon.

Roger Maren, a free-lance writer whose special interest is music, recently attended the Newport Jazz Festival.

Our review of Aldous Huxley's latest novel is by **Sidney Alexander,** novelist and poet, who is now teaching in the English Department at Farleigh Dickinson College and at the New School.

Both **Marya Mannes** and **Sec,** missing from this issue, are enjoying well-deserved vacations.

Our cover design of New York City is by **Marvin Bileck.**

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE REPORTER

A FORTNIGHTLY OF FACTS AND IDEAS

MAX ASCOLI, *Editor*
Harlan Cleveland, *Publisher*

Senior Editor, Philip Horton • *Managing Editor,* Al Newman
Associate Editor, Gouverneur Paulding
Assistant Managing Editor, Robert Bingham
Washington Editor, Douglass Cater • *Art Editor,* Reg Massie
Staff Writers: Claire Sterling, Marya Mannes, Charles Clift
Assistant to the Managing Editor, Louisa Dalcher • *Librarian,* Ruth Ames

Circulation Manager, George Hinckley • *Advertising Manager,* William Reardon
Director of Promotion, Shirley Katzander • *Production Manager,* Ann Hollyday Sharp

VOLUME 13, NO. 3 **SEPTEMBER 8, 1955**

THE REPORTER'S NOTES 2

IF NOT FORCE, THEN WHAT?—AN EDITORIAL . . . . . *Max Ascoli* 12

New York, the Runaway City

HOW LONG WILL NEW YORK WAIT? . . . . . *A. A. Berle, Jr.* 14

SNAPSHOTS OF THE INTERSTATE METROPOLIS 18

At Home & Abroad

DISARMAMENT AND SECURITY AFTER GENEVA . . . . . *Sir John Slessor* 23

SECURITY: INTERIM REPORTS . . . . . *Anthony Lewis* 27

THE DAWN COMES UP IN MALAYA . . . . . *Alex Josey* 30

IS GERMANY THE KEY TO SOVIET MANEUVERS? . . . . . *Isaac Deutscher* 33

Views & Reviews

REELING, WRITHING—AND GROUPING . . . . . *Hortense Calisher* 37

A FEW FALSE NOTES AT NEWPORT . . . . . *Roger Maren* 41

DR. HACHIYA AT HIROSHIMA . . . . . *Gouverneur Paulding* 45

HUXLEY: THE INFANT IN THE POWERHOUSE . . . . . *Sidney Alexander* 47

BOOK NOTES 48

Editorial and Business Offices:
136 East 57th Street, New York 22, N. Y.

Manuscripts or artwork submitted to The Reporter should be accompanied by addressed envelope and return postage. The publisher assumes no responsibility for the return of unsolicited manuscripts or artwork.

It seems as though we are always being exposed to "days" of one sort or another and urged to celebrate them by buying gifts for one person or another.

On Mother's Day, Father's Day, the religious holidays, birthdays, they're continually pressuring us to buy something for somebody.

But there is one forgotten person on these days, and it is to honor him that I propose a new day, to be called "One Day," the day on which one gives a present to one's self.

Because a gift for "One Day" is such a personal thing, obviously the most suitable choice will be a book, the most personal of all presents.

I've set September 11, the first Sunday after Labor Day as the first "One Day." Sometime before then, see your bookseller. Take your time in picking your gift; the ritual of buying a book (examining the jackets, reading passages here and there, considering half a dozen books before going back to the one you intended to get all along) can be even more satisfying than that of drinking a fine brandy.

Ask your bookseller to gift-wrap the book. If there's time, have him mail it to you. You'll be flattered when you see what an attractive package he has sent you.

And if you can't observe "One Day" on September 11—because you're busy, or broke, or out-of-town – just name your own day. The beauty of "One Day" is that it can be any day.

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

My nominations for "One Day" gifts include "The Trade Wind Islands" ($3.75), by Dane Chandos, an informal travel book about the West Indies; "Guns of Chickamauga" ($3.95), by Richard O'Connor, a new novel about the Civil War; or "Shaw On Music" (95¢), an Anchor Book containing some of Bernard Shaw's musical criticism. All of these books are published by Doubleday & Company, 575 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y., and may be obtained from your own bookseller or from any of the 30 Doubleday Book Shops, all of which offer expert service in wrapping and handling gifts for "One Day" or any other day.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

If Not Force, Then What?

After the two Geneva conferences and with so many trans-Curtain gatherings in the making, our government leaders would have been greatly remiss if they had not set themselves to redefine our nation's policies. The Kremlin's zest in practicing, as usual with a vengeance, its newly discovered vocation—internationalism—is by itself alarming, for we all know how the Communists can defile any idea or name they take up for adoption. What they have done to peace and to coexistence they may do to internationalism by using the device of the permanently revolving conference. Since Geneva, they have even tried to adopt our President. If for no other reason than self-defense, Mr. Eisenhower and his Administration were bound to say that conferences are not held just for the sake of conferring.

As *The Reporter* has repeatedly pointed out ever since the President stated the overwhelming truth that there is no alternative to peace, this cannot and must not mean that we are stuck with *this* peace. Rather, it means that our policy must be supple enough not only to register but to bring about changes in the international situation—changes in our favor. In the conduct of foreign affairs, the actual or the potential use of force has always been the driving power of diplomacy. Since our Secretary of State has become an outspoken advocate of "no-force," it has become urgent to ask ourselves: If not force, then what? Is the system of blowing hot and cold, of rapid transition from good-natured proclamations of coexistential amity to standoffish righteousness, an adequate substitute for the use or threat of force in the conduct of foreign affairs?

This is the doubt which the recent declarations of our government leaders raise—a doubt not about their substance but their form. Yet it is a serious doubt, for, as we all know, in diplomacy form is as important as substance.

Again, there can be no quarrel with the soundness of our government's aims. Communism must be made to relax its grip over the peoples of eastern Europe if Europe is to have any chance of gaining some relief from the threat of war and some measure of unity. Harold Macmillan moved in this direction lately, when he suggested that the satellite nations be admitted to the Council of Europe. Sir John Slessor, in this issue, formulates a similar suggestion. If we really want to avoid the status quo, the crystallization for an indefinite period of the present line-up between East and West, we must be ready to take some very great chances—including that of accepting a radical revision of the Atlantic Alliance. But wouldn't even that be a worthwhile price to pay for the liberation of the eastern European nations? Isn't it our goal to prove that Communism as a principle of international and national economic organization is bound to fail?

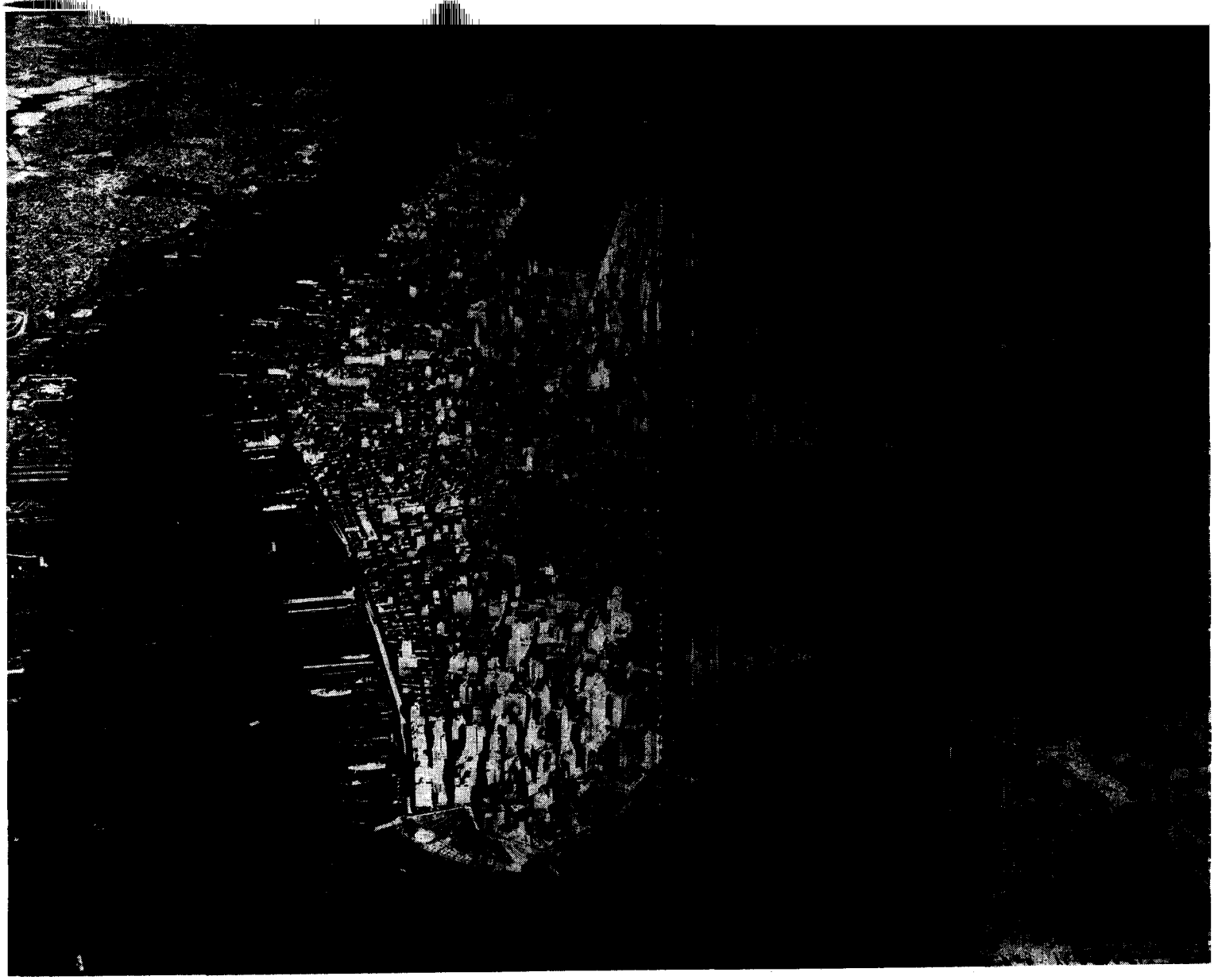
The leaders of our government undoubtedly share these beliefs. But to judge from their recent declarations, they prefer shouting at the men of the Kremlin: What are you if not a bunch of unbelievers, plotters, and enslavers? Of course there can be no question that these men are all that; but since there is no alternative to peace, it would be wise to stop calling the Kremlin leaders names and wrestle with them in the hard game of diplomacy, mustering all our energies and all our wits to beat them.

It is indeed disconcerting to see how our leaders are inclined to use shrill language, even when they want to convey a message of level-headedness and common sense. The message is, of course, that we cannot trust the men of the Kremlin—but who does, aside from the Communist stooges? Whatever measure of peace we can gain will be the result of extraordinarily arduous work in carrying out whatever agreement we may seal with the Russians—and the sealing of any agreements with them will be a hard enough job. This being the case, when the need is so great to reach and hold limited objectives—like some reduction of armament, or some measure of inspection, or some working contact with eastern Europe—there doesn't seem to be much sense in constantly invoking absolute verities.

It is scarcely conceivable that metaphysics and theology can provide the answer to the great question of our day: If not force, then what? Yet we keep hearing all the time, from the highest authority, that "The energy of the free individual is a most dynamic force in human affairs," and that "Man is created in the image of God." This is particularly disturbing to those who, because of their deep belief in freedom and in God, can't stand stereotyped sanctimoniousness. Probably it is a result of habit; but there is no denying that it is a bad habit.

It certainly would be a great relief if the next public declarations of our national leaders, rather than reminding us that we have been created in the image of God, gave us some concrete information on how they intend to achieve, step by step, a reduction of armaments—conventional and unconventional. Or do our leaders think that there is no alternative to war, and no substitute for force?

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



FAIRCHILD AERIAL SURVEYS

THE RUNAWAY CITY

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How Long Will New York Wait?

A. A. BERLE, Jr.

NEW YORK CITY is the extreme illustration of how the swirling growth of twentieth-century population, economics, and techniques has exposed our time-honored institutions of local government in metropolitan areas to a strain they cannot stand. Strikingly similar situations are to be found in our own country and abroad. Conceivably they can be met for a while by repeated postponement, patching up, and political makeshift; ultimately an enduring solution of the problem involving a recasting of the institutions of regional administration seems inevitable.

Historically, the City of New York was built around a port. The island of Manhattan was a great dock in a noble harbor. Water was then the universal carrier; Long Island Sound and the Hudson River were natural canals. Railroads and the Hudson-Mohawk gateway to the West, greatest of the Allegheny crossings, quadrupled New York's importance. Sea and land lines met there, and the city grew. Finance came with trade; the Erie Canal was opened; a metropolis started its growth. Successive immigrant waves of Irish, Germans, and Italians landed there and stayed. Jewish migration after the Russian pogroms of fifty years ago, flight from a Europe torn by the First World War, an influx of Negroes from the South and Puerto Ricans from the Antilles, coupled with the unforeseen population increase of recent years, kept the city moving farther and farther beyond its historic lines.

The power of a metropolis kept drawing in people and activities that in turn multiplied both its attractions and its power. Families came to New York from Europe and sought refuge and work. Young men came from Boston and Keokuk to make their fortunes in an imperial city. The gasoline revolution added motorcars and trucks to railways and shipping. The web of the city spread until it became the nucleus of ten per cent of the population of the United States. Still a port, the city was now a world financial center, a world transport center, and a market for American and foreign products of all kinds. Even more, it was the platform from which music, drama, art, fashion, books, and ideas of all sorts were launched and attained recognition.

INCREASINGLY city lines, city administrators, city economics, and city institutions lost much of their relevance. City Hall was more a badly organized management center for a huge set of public services of growing complexity than a government. Formally New York is a city governed from a beautiful Italian Renaissance building on the lower tip of Manhattan and from five branch offices—the five Borough Halls which have limited authority over local streets and public services. But half of the people in the metropolitan area are outside the city's jurisdiction anyway. Scarsdale, Jersey City, Hempstead, Summit, Mount Kisco, Montclair, and Massapequa are all in it. Their residents are working New Yorkers; but as residents and homemakers they have no responsibility and little relation to the metropolis. Basically New York lives upon, serves, and is served by sea traffic from the ends of the earth, by railroad traffic from north, south, and west; by automobile and truck traffic from everywhere, funneling into, shuttling through, and passing out of a complex which is at once market, sales office, banking medium, factory, school, and power center, whose life is drawn from an immense area.

The New Deal and the Cities

The great depression of the 1930's forced the Roosevelt revolution, and the Federal government picked up a group of unfilled functions that the states could not handle. It discharged them by creating a national system of planned finance, a national system of welfare, a national system of electric-power distribution, and the rudiments of a national system of stabilization of industry and agriculture. Washington occupied most of the no man's land between the states and the Federal government.

But the cities? No one picked up the unfilled functions there. The struggle of the cities to survive, and of their adjacent regions to have services they needed, inevitably was intensified. The old city could not re-establish itself as a fully self-contained, self-ruling unit. Yet it had to go through the motions of administering itself as if it were one.

SO IT HAPPENS that in this very year 1955, out of its income base New York City's Welfare Department and charitable institutions must support its indigent and unfortunate to the tune of $222 million a year, in a time of peak prosperity, and each newcomer in New York can claim a share immediately. New York City can get back a large part of this sum from state or Federal government. But the city has no rebate or refund when it comes to paying the vastly expensive costs of medical care (the city hospitals alone cost $120 million a year), sanitation, and policing. The direct

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cost of relief to each working family of New York is estimated at a hundred dollars a year (before discounting state subsidies). In Westchester, relief averages out to less than five dollars a year per wage-earning family (likewise before discounting subsidies).

Government installations (of Federal, state, and independent Authorities) occupy some $1,300 billion worth of municipal real estate which the city cannot tax but must service. The seven hundred thousand suburbanites as well as city dwellers who use New York's subways twice daily cost the city an average of seven cents each ride, since the city alone pays the enormous debt service on the transit installations and their fare covers only operating costs.

City revenues, like city boundaries and even forms of city government, are survivals from an earlier day. Modern taxation must relate less to "values" than to current productivity and income. National and state governments consequently finance themselves chiefly through income taxes of one form or another. When productivity grows, income and revenue rise, as do government expenditures. The surge of productivity in the United States has kept peacetime national and state income and expenditure in rough balance—almost, though not quite. Cities like New York, however, do not have unlimited tax powers and are debarred from a share of modern tax revenues.

THEY CAN levy real-estate taxes—and sales taxes too, if the state government authorizes; and they have a few other sources. New York has a combination income-and-sales tax in the form of a business gross-receipts tax, invented by the writer at Mayor LaGuardia's instance in 1934. But the city's chief revenue base is still ad valorem taxes on real estate and the essentially regressive sales tax. Both are economically limited. If sales taxes are increased, business goes somewhere else—that is one reason why "shopping centers" and department-store branches are mushrooming outside New York City now. Real-estate values cannot go up more than just so much while there is rent control—as there is in New York City. In consequence, the city with a budget now of a billion and three-quarters (more than the budget of any state government) must seek additional revenue. It needs, at a rough estimate, three-quarters of a billion dollars of capital funds merely to put its schools, hospitals, streets, transit, and other facilities on a modern basis. Mexico City is more modernly run today than New York.

New Institutions

Specific institutions had to emerge to bridge the historical boundaries. They came.

The port of New York is a geographical expression paying no respect at all to political boundaries. Part of it is in the State of New Jersey, and the Hudson waterway carries ocean traffic at least as far as

Haverstraw. In 1921 a treaty was ratified between the States of New York and New Jersey establishing the Port of New York Authority, designed to co-ordinate policies so that the port could operate more or less as a whole. The Authority operates and collects tolls upon the Holland and Lincoln Tunnels and the George Washington Bridge crossing the Hudson to the Jersey side; these are its great revenue-producing facilities. It finances its operations by issuing bonds secured by these and other revenues. Because trucks and busses use these entrances, it created bus-line terminals. Because airline terminals as such do not pay, the city turned over LaGuardia and Idlewild airports to it. As it continues to take over functions remote from its original purpose, "Port of New York Authority" is almost a misnomer.

A quite separate Authority—the Triborough Bridge and Tunnel Authority—operates other entrances into Manhattan under the East River from the Long Island side. Since Long Island is in the State of New York, a treaty was not necessary though a state statute was. The Triborough Bridge, first despised by bankers, financed itself by revenue bonds with the help of the deceased Reconstruction Finance Corporation. It paid off. Presently the Queens Midtown Tunnel was turned over to it; still later it built the great tunnel from the Battery to Brooklyn, giving truck access to Long Island.

Fiorello LaGuardia dreamed of a tunnel under Manhattan connecting a Port Authority tunnel with the Queens Midtown Tunnel, so that millions in Long Island could connect swiftly with the Jersey mainland. The Triborough Bridge Authority, under the dominance of that amazing if somewhat arbitrary builder, Robert Moses, wanted the city to finance the tunnel across Manhattan, or, if not the city, the Port Authority. The city did not have the money, nor did the Port Authority, so the Triborough Long Island entrances now dump bridge and tunnel traffic into Manhattan.

A mass of cars and trucks and busses must find its way across to Port Authority bridges or tunnels, or northward out of the city, and thence via the New Jersey or the emerging New York toll-road systems to points south or west. The city is in the middle here: Some of this traffic stops in New York, but in part the streets of New York must provide a main transportation artery between out-of-city population areas.

SCHOOLS had a somewhat similar history. Emerging from days when each village ran its own school, the New York City school system presently found itself involved in the growth of state-wide standards. New Yorkers, justifiably thinking that city government is always political, sometimes dishonest, and frequently inefficient, gave support to making education a New York State responsibility

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

—and so it is. Eventually by statute the New York City school administration emerged as a kind of empire, connected with the city government only because its two boards—the Department of Education (which runs the lower schools) and the Board of Higher Education (which runs the municipal colleges and universities)—are appointed by the elected mayor. Standards are made by the state administration in Albany. No one believes (they are right) that the Board of Estimate or the City Council would be equipped to furnish educational standards and supervision.

The list of greater and less specific institutions, big and little, created to handle specific problems could be carried to interminable length. The New York Department of Water Supply delivers water to almost every faucet in the five boroughs; to do this it operates a four-hundred-mile system of aqueducts in Nassau County and through Westchester, Putnam, and Rockland Counties all the way to the headwaters of the Delaware River. The Transit Authority, a separate entity, runs the subways. It will have to pick up the Hudson & Manhattan Transit tunnels to Jersey City and not inconceivably may inherit the Long Island Rail Road some day. And so forth.

What Is a 'City'?

So emerges the central problem: What is a "city government" today? Is there a "city"? What is "government" in these terms? What kind of institutions correspond to reality? The same question is being asked by nations, as NATO lays down requirements of defense. Jean Monnet's Coal and Steel Community overrides European national boundaries for purposes of modern economics, as every national radio smashes historical borders.

In anger or despair the city turns to the state. Where else can a harassed Mayor of New York turn for assistance or redress—if not to Albany with hat in hand? New York City provided an estimated $710 million of New York State's $1,185 million in revenues in 1954, or sixty per cent of the total. A certain amount of this it got back by complicated formulas for welfare, road, and school aid, as did every other local government in the state. But in this transaction it found itself short-changed at every turn of the penny. Upstate, which includes suburbia, with less than

half the state's population, got back $355 million from the general kitty; New York City got back $260 million. Upstate New York received state aid for its colleges and universities; New York City's universities were supported out of local taxes alone. Upstate schools received an an average of $200 in state subsidy for each of their pupils, while the city got only $120 per child. A host of minor inequities could be added: Every other county in the state receives twenty-five per cent of the automobile-registration fees collected in its area, but the five counties that make up Greater New York are lumped together as one unit. In a recent year the state paid $126 million to local communities in highway- and road-building programs, but the city got only $11 million, or nine per cent.

The Secessionists

The reason why such figures irritate New York rather than excite it is simple and has its roots in deep reality. The only possible way to know how much or how little New York is mulcted by upstate would be to haul out of the museum of ideas the oldest in New York's history—the oft-repeated solution that New York City be made an independent and sovereign state of the Union. If this could be done, say the zealots, the revenues of the city would leap immediately by about $400 million a year without the addition of a single new tax not already imposed by the state and spent elsewhere; and with these sums, the city could really get to work on its problems.

Yet this idea is chimerical because neither Congress nor New York State would permit such an amputation, and it is doubtful whether a majority of New Yorkers themselves would vote for it. New York, like all our troubled cities, is hedged in between the constitutional frames of the state and the nation, and there seems to be no way out—so far.

Continuing invention of specific solutions for specific problems inevitably entails problems begotten by the solutions. Each new board, Authority, or government group rapidly becomes a center of power of its own. The Triborough Bridge Authority, for example, has the toll revenue from motor traffic coming from Long Island into Manhattan, from which it has accumulated a tidy surplus of $18 million or so. (Meanwhile, of course, the Long Island Rail Road, serving the same traffic, went into bankruptcy, from which it is barely emerging.) Robert Moses decided that the city needed a Coliseum or convention hall—as indeed it does—and Moses is a pragmatist who believes in doing what you can do as and how you can do it. So the Triborough Bridge Authority is developing Columbus Circle and lifting a substantial area of Manhattan from depressing mediocrity into twentieth-century functionalism. So also the Port Authority is developing its tunnel head near 42nd Street with bus terminals; some day it may do the same thing for helicopters. Whether the city needs a Coliseum or a bus terminal more than it needs hospital facilities, or a bus terminal more than it needs new schools, is a theoretical problem that remains unsolved; the Authorities can do these jobs, and cannot build hospitals or schools. The New York City Planning Commission, conceived as a co-ordinator, has never developed power, and for practical purposes can only contribute mildly toward co-ordination.

Something New Must Come

Short-changed by the state, without influence on the independent Authorities, without hope of substantial relief from the Federal government, New York, like other big

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

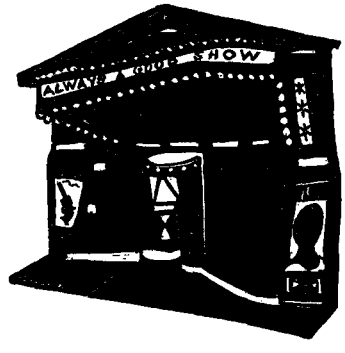
American cities, will probably jog along in this fashion for some years—until there is an explosion. How the explosion will come is unforeseeable. Maybe because General Motors can make automobiles faster than anyone can make roads, New York streets will be choked to impassability. Perhaps because some major need is left scandalously unfilled in spite of the congeries of Authorities. Improbably because an atom bomb is dropped on New York. More likely, the change will be forced by growing financial strain. New public works and new services become increasingly essential, but cities cannot indefinitely increase old taxes or float additional bonds. More and better-paid teachers and more and better policemen will be needed—are needed now; and more services for health, for children and the aged. But revenues are not available. Eventually national politics must legitimately enter the situation when the crisis point arrives to make a solution imperative.

Needed: a New Point Four

It is too much to hope that the existing and foreseeable strains will be met by long-range economic planning. Such planning in the case of New York would require joint action of the city government and the governments of the States of New York and New Jersey and, in the not too distant future, Connecticut, concurred in by the self-administrating Authorities. Even if all these agencies worked together, probably they could not act without some help from the Federal government. Low-rent housing already is met by cities chiefly with Federal assistance. (Fiorello LaGuardia once observed wistfully that the two things that were most needed were beyond the power of the city government: It could not perform miracles and it could not print money. God wouldn't let it do the first; the United States Government would not let it do the second.) It is hardly conceivable that Federal credit facilities will not be needed when the time comes.

The past generation has been an age of extraordinary advances on every social front in America—on the farm, in civil rights, in science. Almost all these great advances have been brought about or fostered by Federal funds and Federal intervention on the unspoken assumption that when one portion of the nation gets stuck, the rest of the nation must lend a hand to get things rolling again. What has happened lately is not so much that the city has deteriorated but that the rest of the nation has rolled so swiftly on to higher standards that the city has become a backward area. Many other ways of life have outstripped the city way of life in attractiveness, except for those who live at the bottom or at the very top of the economic scale.

When the plight of our cities is faced up to at last, a fundamental attack on the whole problem of government in densely populated areas seems inescapable. Before this attack can take place, some basic ideas must be made clear. There are human values that can only be preserved by thinking in terms of small areas: the neighborly associations, homes and their qualities, contact between parents and schools. Even a New Yorker thinks not of the city or of his borough but of Gramercy Park or Brooklyn Heights, of West End Avenue or Kew Gardens, of his nearby school, his precinct police station, his familiar grocery. These are qualities of the village. For the rest, the city is a vast blur operated by political machines,



a mayor—and other elected officials whose very names he hardly knows.

The actually powerful and functioning permanent officials, such as budget administrators, city and borough engineers, permanent administrators of housing, docks, hospitals, and finance, are almost wholly unknown. For practical purposes, New York City is governed by its budget director, Abraham D. Beame, supported by department engineers, administrators, and so on. City Hall is a sort of façade, designed to entertain; too often the elected officials find it easier to leave things just that way.

The Village and the Area

Analysis of the problem makes certain factors clear. Some economic functions have to be taken care of on an area basis: services and communications, water, transit, and main highways permitting entrance, exit, and access to the city and its parts, along with regulation of traffic and steady flow of supplies. These are as necessary to the suburbanite as to the inhabitant of Greenwich Village or Flushing. Nevertheless the centralized Authority, ramming its highways through, can wipe out the villages of human contact; the lively human centers even today fight a rear-guard action against the centralized blur that offers them services but destroys them at the same time. The more centralized complex that is the "city government" itself rises or falls on a tide of national communications, national economic and credit policies. The toll-road system now in rapid evolution is the twentieth-century equivalent of last century's railroad net. It is rapidly reaching the point of national rather than local significance. Its geography and rates can put a city's business on the map or force it to go elsewhere.

It follows, therefore, that somehow a system of government must be found that can do three things. It must liberate and protect the village for the things only a village can do. It must hold together the historical collectivity of the city for the things it can do. And it must set up some sort of entirely new overriding representative body to connect the sprawling population mass with its various parts and with the vaster population of outlying territory. In combination, the resulting system must operate intricate essential services, huge in scope, finance, and impact. It may not even be political in the old sense; its problems will be niney per cent technical.

This is not theory. We shall, if the Twentieth Century Fund estimates are right, have a population of nearly 180 million by 1960 and perhaps 200 million by 1970. The New York complex, city and suburban, will be

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

at least twenty million. In twenty-five years there is likely to be a continuous population mass from approximately New Haven straight down the Atlantic seaboard to Wilmington, Delaware, or perhaps still farther south. (The "New York area" is now almost a continuous settlement from Bridgeport to Trenton, with only a few shrinking unoccupied intervals.) The governmental structure built on historic townships, counties, and cities can carry the load only about so far. Eventually the whole problem must be met.

The King's Peace

Lest this be taken as mere speculation, let it be remembered that government has evolved just like this in ages past. When peace and order in England was preserved only by local lordlings, the feudal system broke down. An unknown genius, remembering that the king could preserve peace around his own property and castles, conceived the brilliant device of taking over as royal property the principal roads of the realm. Thereupon the king could enforce the king's peace on the king's highways; and so a national system of order, courts, police, and justice emerged in Britain. Our modern problem is to find an organizing principle that can do today what the king did then.

The riddle is not insoluble. Two decades ago Franklin Roosevelt called into being the Tennessee Valley Authority to meet the regional problem of stagnation in the Tennessee Valley—which covered several states. He hung it on the peg of Federal government power over navigable waterways. Once organized, under the genius of David Lilienthal it invoked co-operation of the governments of several states and cities. The TVA built itself into a semi-autonomous regional institution that met a problem of regional underdevelopment.

New York, New Jersey, and Connecticut wrestle with the problem of overdevelopment, and there are many pegs on which they, with the Federal government, could construct an institution. The Hudson and Long Island Sound are navigable waters; truck traffic is interstate commerce; the Holland and Lincoln Tunnels are interstate thoroughfares; states have power to make treaties with Federal approval. There is government power enough to discharge the functions that are regional or national in character as distinct from those which concern only New York City, Jersey City, Hoboken, and the commuting towns. Federal financing should be available; have not Federal guarantees of mortgages and public-housing aid already rebuilt the eastern shore of Manhattan?

VILLAGE units within and without New York City could likewise be strengthened; Gilbert Chesterton's fantasy of the armies of Bayswater held at bay by the forces of Notting Hill in modern London could come to pass here by assigning certain responsibilities to Greenwich Village or Brooklyn Heights. It should become a solid personal advantage to live within the jurisdiction of the "New York Area Authority" and at the same time be a resident of Morningside or Kew Gardens.

The area institution could be dramatized and given focus—though it might not have the luck of TVA, whose enemies dramatized it in violent attack. If Jean Monnet and Robert Schuman could create the Coal and Steel Community of Europe, and Foreign Offices can send ambassadors to it, America should be able to create area community governments endowed with enough democratic self-rule to stand up alongside the governments of the states and of the nation.

We struggle today for order in the economic fabric, and the problem of the cities is not dissimilar. Functions still have to be apportioned. Centralized and representative institutions of technical capacity must necessarily deal with regional services. More localized institutions are still needed to deal with over-all area responsibilities. Tiny tenacious groupings are still needed to defend hearth, home, and a modicum of beauty and aesthetics. Political invention and construction must be accomplished in each case. The day of Authorities jerry-rigged to deal with a particular tunnel or development may be almost over. The riddle of twentieth-century area government is demanding solution. Cities like New York will not allow its solution to be postponed for long.

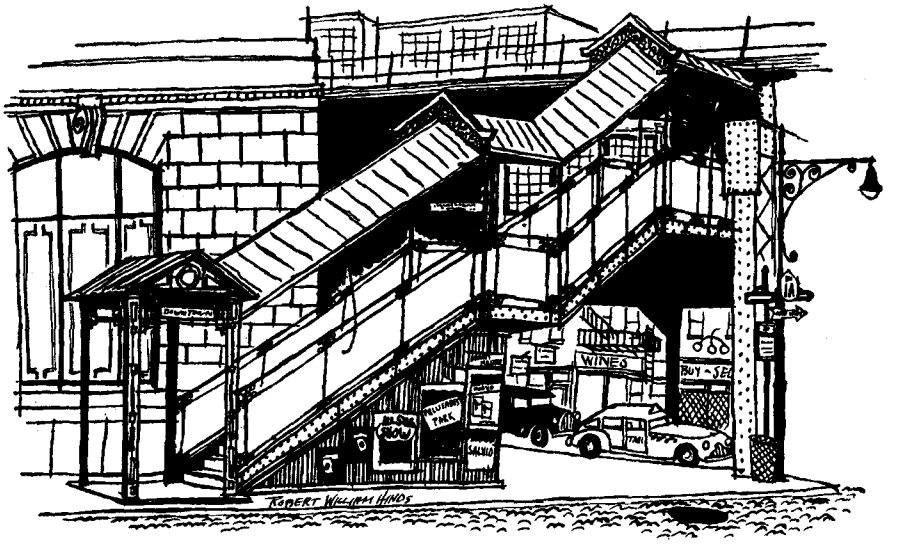
Snapshots Of the Interstate Metropolis

IT IS DAYBREAK, and the blue-shirted men at the switchboard yawn as another night draws to its close. The Teletype clatters faster. Precinct 25 reports all its cells full; Precinct 59 reports all its cells full too. The switchboard lights wink. "Yes, lady, yes, the ambulance is coming as fast as it can . . ." "Calling one-seven-one, calling one-seven-one, odor of gas escaping at one-nine-eight Allen Street . . ." "Calling two-three-oh, dispute at parking lot near East Fifty-seventh and Third . . ."

Captain Donahue yawns. Here in the communications center on the fifth floor of Police Headquarters at the corner of Broome and Centre Streets, the captain has sat out the night—watchdog of New York, master of its emergencies, director of its ambulances and patrol cars.

"Quiet night," he says. "Not more than a couple hundred calls. But they'll start calling now—when they wake up and feel sick, or when they come downstairs and find the car is stolen. On hotter nights that switchboard lights up like Luna Park. That's when they're sitting on the stoop, picking on each other, when they can't sleep and the radio next door gets on their nerves. Or when the moon is full and they want to commit suicide. I like it on a cool night." He looks out through the grimy windows, grayed by dawn. The city has been quiet indeed, its tranquillity well below the threshold of violence that sputters each twenty-four hours with a murder, three rapes, ten dozen burglaries, twenty-six assaults. There will be only twenty or thirty items on the "Principal

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Case Sheet" that the sergeant is picking out on the typewriter. Promptly at nine, the sheet must be on the desk of the Police Commissioner when he arrives at the office.

All over the city, people are stirring now, preparing to go to work, to send the children off to school. Two hundred and seventeen people have died this night; 450 babies have been born. At the subway terminals the dispatchers are assembling the trains. In a few hours, with the morning rush, the rapid-transit system must hurtle one and a half million people down into lower Manhattan in a crescendo of express trains less than two minutes apart. Some 4,000 engineers and custodial workers are readying the schools for the army of 36,000 teachers and 900,000 pupils who will soon come tramping in to learn to read and write and cipher, to learn how to machine metals, cook soufflés, or design evening gowns. Hundreds of sanitation trucks are grinding their gears as they start for the streets to pick up the daily eleven thousand tons of garbage and rubbish that could strangle the city if left untended for a week.

All this will have happened before Mayor Wagner gets to his desk at City Hall and without demanding the attention of a single senior guardian official. This is routine, and the city accepts it.

Intake and Outgo

But under the surface there has been going on for decades a process of shift and erosion that may in future lead to irreversible changes in the city's make-up. This week, for instance, some fifteen hundred citizens of New York will decide to leave it forever. The crowding, the traffic, the costs, the frayed nerve ends of city life have become too much for them. They are packing up and heading for the suburbs.

To be sure, they have been replaced by others, for New York is slowly growing. Yet the arrivals differ from those departing. This week, if it is an average one, a thousand Puerto Ricans will arrive from the Caribbean, along with almost five hundred Negroes from other states. As the two migrations cross, the city's composition slowly changes—as does Chicago's, Detroit's, Philadelphia's, Cleveland's.

In spite of the departures, New York still throbs with growing vigor. Manhattan real estate remains choice. Since the war twelve million square feet of office space has been added to its total, and an additional five million square feet is under construction now. While large industries have moved away, smaller ones have at once filled their places, drawing on the city's immense range of human skills and resources.

It is the unique mingling of so many in the city, rather than the majesty of its technology, that sets New York apart. Yet New York today is not the unique city it was in 1860 when half its population was foreign-born and of that half, half were Irish-born; nor so different as in 1910, when eighty per cent of its people were foreign-born or of foreign-born parentage. Yet of the eight million people who live in it today, the last census gives 4.4 million as either foreign-born or of immediate foreign parentage; 3.4 million persons in the city still claim a mother tongue other than English. No estimate of the city's make-up sets the number of New Yorkers who spring from the nation's parent British stock as high as ten per cent, and of this tenth those who make themselves most felt are themselves new arrivals—the young and ambitious executives, singers, writers, specialists who have flocked in from all over the country to market their talents.

. . . and Eighteen Thousand Texans

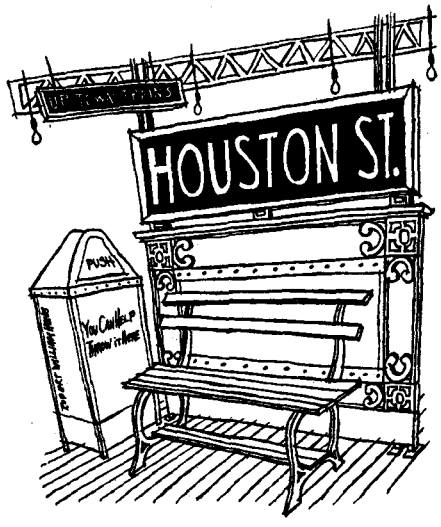
A generation ago, a rule of thumb had it that the city was a third Jewish, a third Protestant, and a third Catholic. Today the best estimate of New York's population puts Catholics at fifty-two per cent, Jews at twenty-five. Protestants at twenty-three—which, on the surface, would support the politician's dictum that the Catholic Church is the greatest single power in municipal politics. Furthermore, within each religious grouping, basic changes have occurred. While Protestant migration to the suburbs has been heaviest, Negro Protestants have largely replaced white Protestants in the city's percentages. Among the Catholics, the Irish have followed the Protestants in the suburban trek, leaving numerical leadership in the Catholic community to the Italians (a shift not reflected in the Catholic hierarchy; it was not until 1954 that the New York Archdiocese named its first bishop of Italo-American origin).

Meanwhile New York's largest single ethnic group remains its two million Jews, closely followed by its Italians, and then the Irish and the Germans, who in turn are followed by eight hundred thousand Negroes. From there the percentage showings trail down through all the seed stocks of the globe, including Chinese, Greeks, Armenians, Scandinavians, and even Texans, represented by an estimated eighteen thousand.

Up to now, four groups have divided the city's leadership — the

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Italians, the Jews, the Irish, and the old-stock Americans, the last exerting their share of influence not by virtue of numbers but by their executive place, seniority, and wealth. Not that these groups have always gotten along: Fifty-one people were shot down by the militia in the city's streets in 1871 when Irish Catholics and Protestant Orangemen rioted, and the bloodshed at the burial of



a Chief Rabbi on the East Side convulsed the Jewish colony in 1902. In the unemployment crisis of the mid-1930's, tension between Negroes and Jewish shopkeepers along the Harlem-Bronx fringe led to flare-ups that threatened a major outbreak. It has not been a city of brotherly love but rather a tough town, each community protecting its advancing frontiers.

The conflict among traditional dominant groups was fought out in politics, and in politics found its solution. A precarious balance of forces was established from one Election Day to the next, with an unmistakable trend toward a reciprocal tolerance emerging from all the pre-electoral turmoils and bargains. Each group produced a leader who could muster—or at least brag that he could muster—its bloc of votes; the city's politics became a barter of honors and power among them all, reaching the fine artistry of the "balanced ticket." Each group marched its parades up the avenues, the Irish on St. Patrick's Day, the Italians on Columbus Day, the Poles on Kosciusko Day; city hospitals served kosher food as soon as Jews were important enough to demand it, and politicians learned to carve out districts to apportion the Negro vote to their advantage.

City of Rich and Poor

This hard-bitten tolerance rested on the tradition of the America of yesterday in which immigrant ethnic groups remained self-enclosed and left to their own resources for self-help—a day long before people dreamed of aseptic public-housing projects and in which tuberculosis was jokingly called "Jewish asthma." Today, however, many of the older once-compact colonies have dissolved as they have become assimilated, and a mass of the least privileged and least assimilated has been left to turn to the vast humanitarian machine of the modern city itself, which has become patriarchal low-cost-housing patron, charity dispenser, and comforter in distress. All these good works are exorbitantly costly, and tend to atomize the community still further.

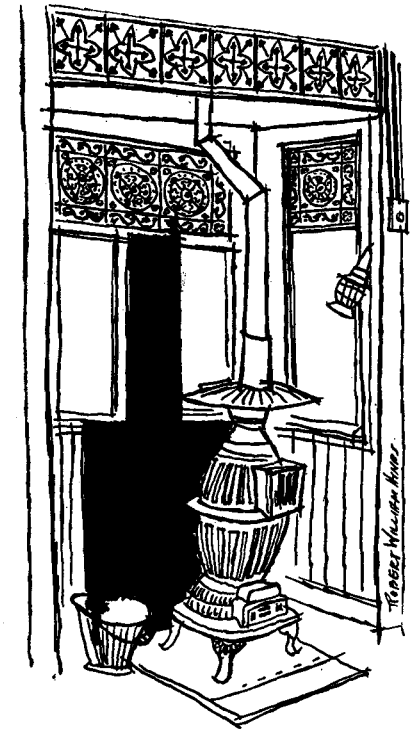
The rich *can* go on living in New York, taking the rising tax bills in their stride. The poor *must* go on living there, bound to it more than ever now as beneficiaries of its aid. The middle classes who feel the tax bill and yet get diminishing returns out of it themselves have the escape of the suburbs – where they can avoid the burden of the city as a community, yet draw on it as their market place. So they pull out, casting off also its emotional entanglements of contact with other racial groups, and thereby leave New York a city of sharp extremes between the rich and transient and the mass of polyglot poor.

The Negroes

The process that has made New York into the world's first welfare city derives primarily from the arrival in it of vast numbers exceptionally in need of welfare assistance while set apart from the white community. Its Negro "problem" is not new: When George Washington officiated in it as first President, it housed hundreds of free Negroes in the stews of those days. But while the city's Negro population by 1940 had grown to some 450,000, in the fifteen years since then it has nearly doubled, and every plan made to meet their needs has been swamped by the following year's new arrivals. The older Negro community of New York has produced its own leaders and counselors – doctors, lawyers, clergymen, journalists, politicians, businessmen—but these too are hard pressed by a record influx of people unfamiliar with New York conditions, whose calls upon city relief are heavy and among whom the incidence of tuberculosis often runs to three times that of their white neighbors.

The gradual breakthrough of the New York City Negro has been marked most conspicuously in politics. Twenty years ago, the best the city could offer a Negro in its employ was a scrubman's job. Today, the elected President of the Borough of Manhattan, Hulan E. Jack, is a Negro. And although Manhattan with two million population is only one among five boroughs (and not even the largest), its politics have always served as a bellwether for the others.

By 1953, the Negroes—400,000 strong on Manhattan alone and backed up by 200,000 color-conscious Puerto Ricans—took over. Their conquest of the Borough



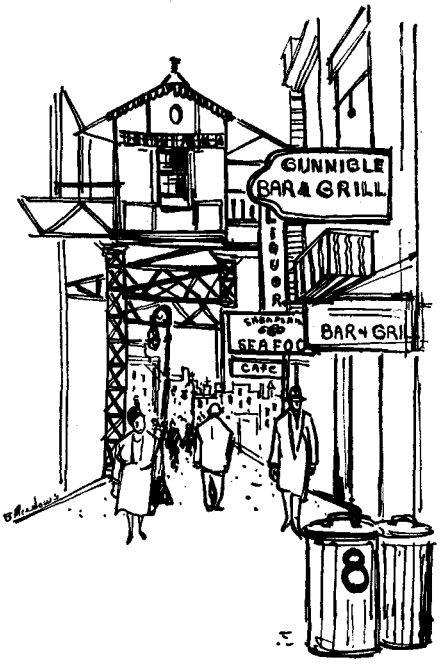
Presidency bids fair to last until they, in turn, diffuse into larger city-wide offices or are ousted by the Puerto Ricans.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Newest Arrivals

The Puerto Rican cuts quite a different figure in New York life. He is the city's biggest emotional problem if not its biggest administrative one.

In a city smarting with so many irritants, angry at dirt, traffic, taxes,



and crowding, a scapegoat has had to be found, and the Puerto Rican fills the role currently. He is the one who is cursed when a middle-class neighborhood starts to crumble. His "Bodega Latina" and "Carnicería Hispaniola" are banners announcing to residents that the "invasion" has begun. The Puerto Ricans themselves—descended from a mixture of Spaniards, Carib Indians, and Negroes—think of themselves predominantly as white. As a sensitive Negro City Councilman, Earl Brown, has remarked, "They live in a purgatory all their own—they will not accept the Negroes and the whites refuse to accept them." Feeling themselves virtual aliens under the flag, their arrival by daily planeloads in the promised land of New York offers them only third-class citizenship—one step below the transplanted Negro. The ten Puerto Ricans who died sleeping in a single room last winter of fumes from a defective heater typify the condition of their poorest. And unlike New York's Negroes, the Puerto Ricans are not yet an effective, responsible part of New York's political representation. It is estimated that only ten per cent of those qualified are registered. They vote lightly, and in spite of their strength of half a million they have so far only one district leader in Tammany. They fit into the pattern of politics less as active participants than as possible recipients of aid and as sources of civic unrest.

Vortex of Chaos

The city's very shape, or rather its bursting out of shape, reveals the extent of its problem. Take off from LaGuardia Airport any morning and wheel over its expanse and you see the majestic bordering river whose presence has made the city, serving as ocean gateway to the interior—except that New York's influence now sprawls far and wide across the river. From the New Jersey side come the railroads crowding to reach the islands at the Hudson's mouth. Also across the Jersey marshlands wind the superhighways, each of them throwing off ribbons of access as they make for the nearest tunnels or bridges. To the north and east, the approaches are clotted even more thickly—nine bridges across the Harlem River and five linking Manhattan with Long Island. Beyond Manhattan, tunnel and bridge mouth again, and highways and shimmering rails cleaving away again through jungles of industry and tenements in Queens, Brooklyn, and the Bronx, to reach away mile after mile through blocks of two-family and one-family houses to the horizon.

From the air, no division sets the inner city off from its vast surrounding tributary and residential area in three states. From aloft, its vast engineering mass seems one. It *is* one —although not in name and not in organization: It is the vortex of one huge chaos.

Every great city has a contemporary problem of movement and access, but none can match in madness what has happened in downtown New York, in what is called the "Manhattan Cordon."

The Manhattan Cordon is an engineering definition of the lower half of Manhattan from Fifty-ninth Street to the Battery, from the East River to the Hudson, five miles long by two miles wide. Into this area each day some four million people come to work and in the evening they leave. In one quarter-mile section (the garment district) a quarter of a million people surge in and out each evening. A single building development on four square blocks—Rockefeller Center—has a daily working population of thirty-four thousand persons, as well as 126,000 daily visitors, all together more than a city the size of Albany. Each individual human being is a traffic generator; each must ride into the cordon by some means every day, and more buildings go up every month.

WHAT has been happening in the Manhattan Cordon since the war is that two great developments, arising from sources far beyond the city's ability to control them, have interlocked. One is the fantastic growth of the suburban belt of New York; the second is the development of superhighways to deliver the suburbanite to the city by car. Only seven years ago, New Yorkers cried out that traffic conditions were impossible when 320,000 automobiles were counted entering and leaving

New York's confines daily. Since then the daily total has grown to 550,000 and the inelastic city's streets are choked. Today in midtown Manhattan a person often can walk across town faster than he can

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ride. A smart holdup man committing a burglary by daylight can disappear within the central traffic congestion and move faster than a police patrol car can follow. Truckers heading for the garment district will arrive at three or four in the morning, grab a choice location, sleep behind their wheels until delivery points are open, and then trundle out their handcarts and make deliveries through the area on foot.

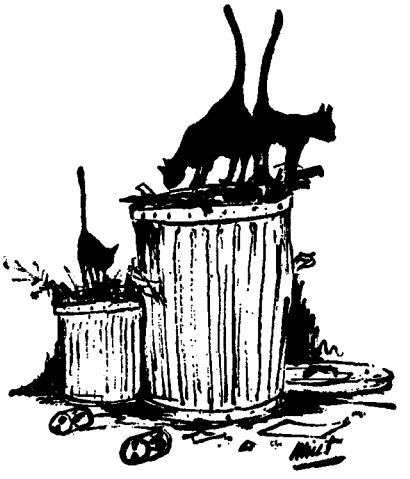
EACH new trunk line or expressway thrown up on the approaches to New York City further congests life within it. The New Jersey Turnpike, opened four years ago, already carries traffic not predicted until 1980. Engineering surveys indicate that the third Lincoln tube under the Hudson River, now being built at a cost of $100 million, will be carrying full capacity within three years of its completion in 1957. The demand for road facilities in America is insatiable. As soon as a road facility is opened, it will create its own demand and its own traffic almost overnight. Each new facility makes it possible for the cramped middle-class citizen to move out of New York to the suburbs where he can garage his car at night and whence he can drive to work in the morning.

A suburban county on the fringe —for a notable example, Nassau County on Long Island, which has grown by 360,000 people in the past five years—creates further congestion in the pivot city. When tunnels like the Holland disgorge their cars in lower Manhattan trying to filter their way across town to Long Island through the narrow, century-old confines of a thoroughfare like Canal Street, the result is an impasse.

Problems of the Mayor

Traffic is only one of the problems in which a chaos of resources and authority reigns. The pollution and sanitation control of the great New York area is another. Water resources are a third. The government of the city and the regions that surround and depend on it is today a jungle of conflict of interest between those who dwell in the city and those who use it.

The man whom eight million citizens of New York elect as their mayor is chief magistrate in the greatest port in the world. But control over that port and its resources is vested in an agency over which he has no control—the Port of New York Authority. The major area of iniquity and terror in the city—the docks—falls under another jurisdiction outside his own, the Bi-State Waterfront Commission. His control of the schools that he must support through tax funds is remote, exercised at long range through an autonomous Department of Education. He must meet the financing of his subways, but cannot touch a cent of their revenues, which belong to the state-appointed Transit Authority that operates them. The fringes of this city, the air above it, and all its approaches are controlled by outside authorities. The mayor *does* control his police and his health-and-welfare



services; but, while he must find the money to pay for them, he cannot tax to support them except by permission of the state, which tells him what he must do. If his taxes are successful, the state may step in and take them away from him. Adjoining his city sprawl another 550 towns, villages, and peripheral cities holding some seven million people in three states to a distance of fifty miles around its borders. Each of these has an immediate interest in New York, some being dependent on it for water supply, some for services such as pollution control, many for transport, and all for jobs. Yet each of them fears "encroachment" by New York and bands together with others against it.

'The City Is Rich'

Everyone who in an official capacity has tried to think through the problems of New York City has had to wrestle with several dominant American myths about it and our big cities in general. To begin with, there is the "upstate" myth. "Upstate"—whether it is New York State, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, or Illinois (where it becomes "downstate")—feels that it knows best what is good for city people and how their affairs should be run. New York City, with fifty-three per cent of its state's population, has always been in a decided legislative minority at Albany, subject to the rule of men who live hundreds of miles away. A second myth from which New York and all our

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

big cities suffer comes down as a heritage from the founding days of the Republic. This is the belief—once true—that the city is rich while the countryside is poor. The whole structure of American state legislation, as in the day of its eighteenth-century burghers and their counting-houses, rests on the assumption that the city must take care of itself and support the hardy countryman, supposedly busy out on the frontier clearing fields, fending off hostile natives, and living in sod huts. Today, as anyone can see when the representatives of tax-starved, school-hungry, underpoliced New York City come to Albany for a handout, the assumption (like much that has to do with our cities) is anachronistic.

The Federal government since the war has spent on farm credit, rural electrification, agricultural research, soil conservation, farm-commodity support, and other strictly rural measures the gigantic sum of over $15 billion. During the same time, the Division of Slum Clearance and Urban Redevelopment has handed out for slum clearance in our blighted big cities the sum of just $50 million. The farm population is taken as twenty-two million for the entire United States as against a population of forty-four million in our fourteen largest metropolitan areas, and yet urban areas have received three-tenths of one per cent of the Federal largess handed to rural America.

'Urbiculture'

Shortly before the close of the last session of Congress, Representative J. A. Younger, a Republican from San Mateo, California, introduced a bill to establish a Department of Urbiculture to match the work of the Department of Agriculture in serving the nation's farmers. His aim, as he put it, was "a square deal for the city fellow." There were broad smiles at his idea and his odd choice of nomenclature. Still, with his proposal for a department charged with developing "methods of dealing with pressing social, economic, and civic problems" of urban communities, he was voicing recognition of an often neglected fact: that the countryside politically outweighs the cities—not only in the state capitals but also on Capitol Hill.

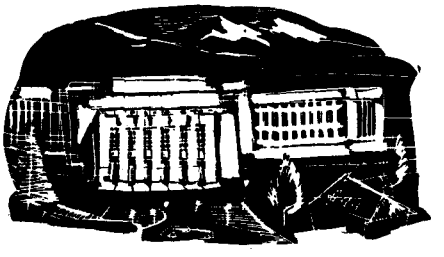
At Home & Abroad

Disarmament and Security After Geneva

SIR JOHN SLESSOR

LONDON

As THIS article is published, a subcommittee of the United Nations Disarmament Commission begins considering the disarmament proposals that were discussed at length in London last spring and were elaborated at the "summit" conference at Geneva. The basis of those proposals is that forces of the United States, the U.S.S.R., and China shall be limited to a million or a million and a half men each and those of Britain and France to 650,000 each. The Russians at Geneva added the proposal that the



forces of all other states should not exceed 150,000 or 200,000 men. The idea is that nuclear disarmament will be effected in stages as conventional forces are being reduced to the agreed levels.

This, of course, is only a skeleton outline, and all sorts of vitally important provisions will have to be agreed upon, notably the limitation by numbers and classes of military aircraft, which is really much more relevant than numbers of men.

We are all intimately concerned with this problem, if only as taxpayers. And we should be thinking about the conditions on which disarmament would be acceptable and how, if something on the lines proposed eventually is put into effect, we can best safeguard our vital interests and meet the commitments that will still remain after such a drastic reduction of our forces.

The nub of the whole issue is, of course, a really effective system of inspection and control. I am inclined to think that a combination of the Russian plan for international inspection posts at key points and the Eisenhower plan for reciprocal air reconnaissance might provide an acceptable basis for the application of the disarmament program assuming that it is preceded by a security arrangement that would leave all the nations of continental Europe free of foreign troops and a unified Germany with adequate, though of course still restricted, forces of its own.

The Importance of Germany

The heads of government in their directive from Geneva did not link European security and German reunification with the disarmament program. There is no reason why the two should be entirely interdependent; some start on conventional disarmament could be made without waiting for agreement. Indeed, both the United States and Britain are already making some reductions from the levels of December 31, 1954. The Russians have told us they are proposing to demobilize the troops withdrawn from Austria, and we now hear that they intend to reduce their forces by 640,000 men—an indication perhaps not so much of the extent to which they were impressed by Geneva as of the present strains on their economy. In any event we could not make any very material progress toward the agreed levels as long as we have to maintain our forces in Germany.

There should be absolutely no question whatever of eliminating

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nuclear weapons while a single Russian soldier is stationed west of the Russian frontiers. In embarking on

disarmament we are launching into uncharted seas, and it might well be fatal to put on full speed. It may be the best part of a generation before the whole voyage is completed—and that, after all, is nothing in the history of nations.

It should be emphasized that we should not even begin nuclear disarmament while the Russians continue to hold down any of their neighbors by military force. At Geneva and since, they have shown no more signs than they did in Berlin last year of any intention of relaxing their grip on eastern Europe; in fact they were even more frank than they had been in Berlin about their refusal to consider German reunification. It is fundamental to western policy that German unity and European security are indissolubly linked. How then are we to break this deadlock?

Balance of Risks

It seems to me by no means certain that the Russians will maintain their present attitude. Evidently they are no more prepared to face thermonuclear war than we are; and if Geneva did anything, it probably convinced even the men of the Kremlin that the United States has no intention of attacking them. They are clearly feeling the strain of their colossal burden of armaments. Once they see we are determined to make their withdrawal from Germany and the satellites an absolute condition of the disarmament they obviously want, they may change their tune. Anyway, we are only at the beginning of these negotiations, and it is the Russians' habit to start any negotiation by putting forward conditions that they know quite well we shall not accept.

But if they *are* obdurate—then what? Then, I submit, since they will not willingly withdraw, and since there can be no question of pushing them out by force, by some means (other than by fighting) they must be made to withdraw, and the only alternative left to us is to make it impossibly awkward and difficult for them to remain. That I believe we could do, and in a way that would enable us to accomplish quite a bit of conventional disarmament without taking unacceptable risks.

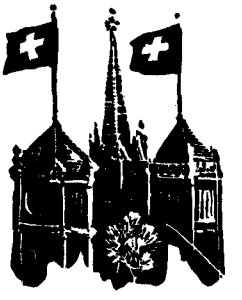
In a book written some eighteen months ago I suggested how we might do this. It is surely only realistic to admit that the Red Army will not withdraw from East Germany—and hence German unification will be impossible—as long as British or American forces remain on the soil of West Germany. It is not practicable to withdraw our troops to France or the Low Countries. Can we safely remove them from continental soil altogether before the Russians are back behind their own frontiers? Nothing is safe in this dangerous world; it is a balance of risks, and in my view the risk is well worth taking.

In this connection, one should bear in mind that it is not the armies and tactical air forces that deter Russian attack or would defeat it if it came. The primary deterrent to and the real determining factor in a major war in Europe is Anglo-American nuclear air power. Why not take advantage of that fact? We cannot leave a military vacuum between the Rhine and the Elbe. There must be regular forces there behind the frontier police, to deal with the tactics of infiltration and "spontaneous" risings of Communist sympathizers in frontier districts, or the *fait accompli* like Hitler's reoccupation of the Rhineland. But the forces in Germany can be *German* forces. So we should go ahead with the rearmament of Germany and include West Germany not only in NATO but in the system of guarantees under the Brussels Treaty as well.

That part of the program I suggested has already become NATO policy. The next step suggested was to announce our intention, when West German rearmament had advanced to a point that we consider adequate, to withdraw Allied forces from German soil *whether or not the Red Army withdraws from the Soviet Zone*—except from Berlin, where token forces would remain.

At the same time we should offer to extend the protection of the Brussels Treaty to Russia, Poland, and Czechoslovakia *if and when the Soviet withdraws completely behind its own frontiers.* We should offer, on the reunification of Germany when the Russians withdraw, to demilitarize the present Soviet Zone. Finally, the whole system should be guaranteed (as in point of fact it is now) by western strategic air power.

I find it very difficult to believe that in the face of such a policy the



Russians or their Communist stooges would long be able to maintain their domination in eastern Europe. But even if it did not make it impossible for them to remain, we should be no worse off than now—indeed in many ways better off.

Nuclear-Age Realities

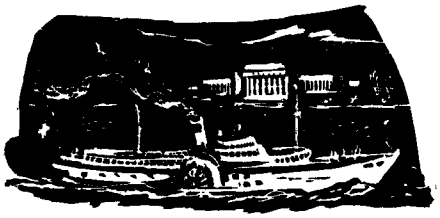
A reciprocal security pact on the lines of an extended Brussels Treaty and a demilitarized zone dividing East and West both formed part of the British proposals at Geneva. But in a few years' time it may be necessary to go rather farther than I envisaged eighteen months ago. Under the Eden plan (which the Russians rejected at Berlin), a sovereign, reunified Germany would be free to choose association with East or West or a policy of armed neutrality—like Sweden, independent of alliances but linked culturally and economically with whomever they chose. No doubt Germany would predominantly (though not necessarily exclusively) choose the West.

That is a policy which has a strong

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

appeal in Germany today and we need not fear it, once the new German forces have been built up by NATO and West Germany has been put in a position to withstand by itself any thing short of massive assault. Those who fear an independent, rearmed Germany (particularly—and understandably—the French) should adjust their thinking to the realities of a nuclear age. The Germans are the last people in the world, except perhaps the Japanese, to force another aggressive war; they have had it once with TNT; they certainly will not court it again with uranium.

It will be observed that a basic condition of this plan is a mutual-security arrangement guaranteed by Anglo-American nuclear air power. Can that be squared with a disarmament policy under which, when conventional forces are reduced to something approaching the agreed levels, nuclear weapons are to be



eliminated from the armories of the world? I think it can.

How to Disarm

Perhaps I should say here that I hope the U.N. Disarmament Commission will consider the possibility of selective nuclear disarmament limited to the hydrogen bomb and its still more lethal successors. It is these that are the appalling menace to civilization and the whole future of humanity, not the atomic shell or the tactical bomb of relatively small kilotonnage.

The tactical atomic weapon—and indeed other modern scientific developments in armaments—tends to favor the defense rather than the offense in a campaign on land, and its retention in the reduced forces of the world might well increase security all around rather than decrease it. This would be very far from simple, but if the control-and-inspection system is good enough to supervise nuclear disarmament at all—and we shall need something more than air reconnaissance and inspection posts at key points when we get to that stage—it might not be impracticable to differentiate between the two broad classes of nuclear weapons.

IN ANY CASE, I take it for granted that conventional disarmament, if it is to be really effective—if it is to be more than a mere demobilization which could be put into reverse at short notice—will take a long time. If it were all agreed and the organization of the international control system were begun tomorrow, I should not expect to see the beginning of the nuclear stage of the program until somewhere about 1962 at the earliest.

Once great armies with their vast masses of equipment and munitions were reduced to a small fraction of their present size, it would take a very long time to build them up again. But when the nuclear weapons were eliminated I assume that no nation would throw away the blueprints and forget how to make them. And the strategic air forces, while they would obviously have to be reduced in size, would remain in being, together with the industry to back them and the research and development establishments to keep them up to date—to replace, for instance, the manned bomber with the long-range ballistic missile in due course.

And so in the terrible event, which I cannot help regarding as very unlikely, of this disarmament system breaking down (if it ever becomes effective to the point of making nuclear disarmament a reality), and thus leading to a situation in which we should have to be ready with our guarantee of a European security pact, we could rearm with nuclear weapons before a conventional ground force could regain a strength that could again make it a mortal menace.

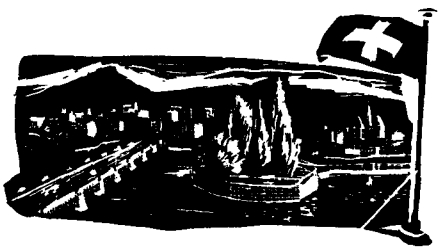
Diversification of Forces

When we consider the lines on which our forces might actually be reduced in accordance with a disarmament program, an important principle emerges. The composition, strength, and equipment of armed forces should be determined by what they may have to be used *for*. Broadly speaking, there are two such uses. First we must be able to put ourselves again in a position to deter, and if necessary in the last resort to fight, another major war in the event of the disarmament system's breakdown. Secondly, we must be ready to arrest and repel localized aggression against our vital interests or those of our Allies anywhere on the periphery of the free world—which in effect means in Asia.

For these things we require quite different kinds of forces. Open military aggression like that in Korea in 1950 is, I think, unlikely provided we are properly equipped to meet it. If our only means of doing so is by "massive retaliatory power," then it ceases to be unlikely because a potential enemy will know that when it comes to the point the great powers of the West will not fight. It is inability or unwillingness to pay the necessary premium of using limited force to meet limited aggression that would result in our being "nibbled to death," not unwillingness to do what Secretary of State Dulles has described as "turning every local war into world war."

This would require land forces and tactical air forces—defensive fighters and light tactical bombers—which, since they will be limited in numbers, must be maintained on a high level of airborne mobility. And seaborne air striking capability may have an important part to play in meeting this commitment.

REVERTING to the first commitment, the absolutely crucial question about any future major war is this: Would it, could it possibly, be a long war? I believe it could not. Even the nine international scientists whose much-publicized manifesto of July 9 could hardly be described as a triumph of practical thinking faced up to the reality that "in any future world war nuclear weapons will certainly be employed . . ." That is unquestionably true, disarmament or



PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

no disarmament. I just do not believe that a war waged with nuclear bombs having a radioactive fall-out covering an area about the size of the British Isles could last for any length of time. From that there surely emerges the very broad outline of a new defense policy in keeping with the realities of today on which to reshape the defense forces of Britain and the United States in this new era, which began with the explosion of the first hydrogen bomb. The reductions in our armed strength, of which a start need not wait for agreement in the Disarmament Commission, should fall first on those elements in our defense forces which would only be required in the event of a long war.

'The Supreme Expression'

I shall not attempt to elaborate this principle here, other than in one particular. Air power will remain what Churchill has described as "the supreme expression of military power." We must maintain and cultivate our ability to put down the nuclear weapon where we want to, if we have to, for as long as may be necessary, a period that can be measured at most in weeks. Such a course in turn involves the necessity of ensuring that we could not be knocked out in advance, which means a strong nucleus of an air-defense system, including civil defense.

The air forces, however, while they must have high priority, will inevitably have to be reduced if the disarmament proposals come into effect; the U.S.A.F. in particular will obviously be unable to retain a strength of nearly a million men out of a ration of 1.5 million for all the forces of the United States.

But the very fact of having to reduce the size of the air forces lends added importance to maintaining our lead in the training of our personnel and the technical and scientific quality of our equipment. That I believe we can unquestionably do if we go the right way about it. We must retain a sense of proportion in this matter. Not so many years ago there was a dangerous tendency to regard the Russians as a bunch of muzhiks incapable of producing anything better than a second-rate copy of a stolen B-29. Then they surprised us by producing the Mig-15 in quantity. And now we are frightening ourselves into fits, saying that they have surpassed us not only in the quantity but in the quality of their aircraft, and that we may already have lost control of the air; all this largely as a result of a carefully staged demonstration over Moscow—on the eve of Geneva—in which some sophisticated but not particularly startling types of advanced design were paraded for the edification of western observers.

I believe this present extreme pessimism about the relative efficiency of western and Soviet air power is no more valid than the other earlier extreme. Nothing could be more dangerous than complacency

in this vital matter. But let us not be obsessed by numbers or bemused by the ability of the Russians to put a few advanced types of airplanes into the air rather quickly. There is nothing mysterious about that—anyone can do it whose rulers prefer guns to butter (to say nothing of automobiles and television sets, five-day weeks, and frequent holidays).

It is not only the airplane but what goes into it that matters. The Mig-15 was a good airplane but we shot it down in the ratio of eight or nine to one of our own in Korea. An airplane is not necessarily an effective bomber, in the sense that it can find and hit targets at long range in any weather, just because it has swept-back wings. Nor do quite a lot of fast single-seaters constitute an effective defense of a vast area like Russia, unless they have the mass of highly intricate armament and radar equipment that goes to make up the modern fighter and are backed by the immensely complicated organization on the ground which is essential to an efficient air-defense system. The Soviet Air Force is no doubt very formidable and will become more so. But I do not for a moment believe that it is comparable in quality to the R.A.F. or U.S.A.F.; nor, with due respect to Senator Symington, do I know of any evidence that the Russians are well ahead of the United States in the development of the intercontinental ballistic missile.

Selective Production

What the Russians have achieved in the past ten years since the war is indeed remarkable—and it may contain a lesson for us. They have concentrated on a relatively few types—chosen the best designs and put them into mass production. The fact that in doing so they have evidently imposed an intolerable strain upon their economy does not invalidate the principle. I do not know how many different types of fighter (for instance) are now under trial and development for the various air forces of the United States alone, but should probably not be far wrong if I put it at between twenty and thirty. It is my belief that in both America and Britain we are trying to do too much and—in the guided-missile field as in that of manned aircraft—are dispersing our resources, particularly of highly skilled scientific and technical manpower, over more projects than we can handle effectively and expeditiously enough.

If it is true that the Russians are beginning to catch up with us in air development, I would hazard a guess that one of the reasons is a much more economical and less ambitious use of their available resources for research, development, and production. If I am right, then one of the aims that those responsible for U.S. and British air power should set themselves is to rationalize and streamline research and development, not only within our individual countries but also among the air forces and industries of the western Alliance.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Security: Interim Reports

ANTHONY LEWIS

THE EVIDENT improvement in the public atmosphere on the Communists-in-government issue during the last year, together with the more or less happy endings to a number of publicized cases – Ladejinsky, Chasanow, Annie Lee Moss—may have left the impression with some that our rankling loyalty-security problem has been solved, that the interests of national security and individual rights have at last been somewhat balanced. The contrary truth is that government has lagged behind public opinion on the issue. Some injustices may have been corrected, but the systems and standards that produced them remain largely unchanged. And there is no disposition to make changes until the new bipartisan security commission completes its work, quite a few months from now.

Any complacency that has arisen about the state of our security programs should be dispelled by two recently published volumes, *Case Studies in Personnel Security,* edited by Adam Yarmolinsky, and *The Draftee and Internal Security,* by Rowland Watts. Both books are the work of lawyers. They are methodical, careful, documented. They give the most comprehensive picture the public has ever had of the security programs at work, and it is a grim picture. The two books make clear that the cases publicized in the last few years were not atypical. Injustice has been—is being—handed out wholesale.

MR. YARMOLINSKY, a Washington lawyer and former law clerk to Supreme Court Justice Stanley Reed, did his book with a grant from the Fund for the Republic, and with the help of more than a hundred leading attorneys in twelve cities. They have so far collected 230 carefully checked case histories, fifty of which were cleared for publication in this volume. They cover all the major security programs—for Federal employees, defense-plant workers, military personnel, merchant seamen, and international-organization employees. The book simply tells the story of these fifty cases, leaving the reader to draw his own conclusions.

Mr. Watts is a Baltimore attorney and secretary of the Workers Defense League, an anti-Communist civil liberties organization of which Norman Thomas is a director. His study, which was also helped by a Fund for the Republic grant, covered 110 cases in the Army's security program for draftees. The published report describes forty-nine of these. Mr. Watts treats the cases more sketchily than Mr. Yarmolinsky—sometimes too sketchily—but he adds a thorough legal analysis of the broad problem.

Neither study makes any claim to be completely representative. For one thing, the lawyers did not have access to the government's side of the picture, and they had no way of knowing how many cases were settled without a lawyer's help. But the books provide a wealth of evidence to support some drastic conclusions about the security programs.

1. *The programs often have nothing to do with protecting the security of the United States.*

Of thirty-two Federal employees whose cases are described in the Yarmolinsky study, nineteen had no access to classified information and had never done any secret work. In most cases no evidence was offered by the government to show that the employee could harm the national security if he wanted to.

The Meat Inspector

One defendant, charged with past membership in the Communist Party, had been a government meat inspector for thirty-eight years. The board that heard his case spent many minutes quizzing him and other witnesses about what Mr. Yarmolinsky calls "the security aspects of meat inspection."

It was suggested that an evil-minded inspector could spend his time at packing plants contaminating meat and poisoning thousands of Americans. "You could walk in there with a needle full of some kind of liquid and stick it into a

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

carcass and it would be contaminated," the agency lawyer said at one point.

The meat inspector was suspended without pay for eleven months, until his agency decided the nation would be safe and cleared him.

The typical Army case described

by Mr. Watts is just as remote from protecting the national security. Before taking an inductee the Army investigates him and discovers something suspicious—a suspect relative, perhaps, or a Red-tinged club he joined in his teens. The boy is not kept out of the Army to protect our security; instead he is inducted and allowed to serve his time. Then the Army charges him as a security risk and gives him a tainted discharge—"undesirable" or "general" even though his actual service has been entirely honorable.

In none of the ninety-nine cases covered by both writers was the employee charged with actually doing anything dangerous to our security, such as mishandling secret papers or contaminating meat. As John Lord O'Brian has said, the security system does not, like the law, operate to protect society against harmful *acts;* it punishes suspicious ideas and associations.

2. *Many security charges are meaningless or trivial even if true; others could have been proved false by a brief investigation before they were brought.*

The two studies quote such charges as these: That an employee "possessed a personality trait (passive dependency reaction, chronic, severe)"; that he signed a petition against the University of California loyalty oath opposed by Governor Earl Warren and eventually thrown out by the courts; that he was a "braggart"; that he listed as a character reference a person who once "registered his political affiliation with the American Labor Party"; that he had a close friend and correspondent who was reported to be the "radical" of his class at college.

Association with Relatives

In a substantial number of cases there were charges against the accused employees' relatives—mothers, fathers, grandmothers, grandfathers, stepmothers, brothers, sisters, wives, husbands, and in-laws. In at least four cases "continued association" with a relative was the only charge. One of these defendants, a Negro clerk, was asked at her hearing whether she would be willing to inform on her brother if she were reinstated.

"Would that be part of my duties?" she asked.

"You would receive instruction here," a board member said.

At the end of the hearing, she spoke about her brother—and about the security program—with inarticulate eloquence.

"When he goes out of the house I don't know where he goes," she said. "When I see him—even my mother, he doesn't talk to us about what he has done while he was waiting or where he goes or who he was with. We don't ask him. I don't ask him and my mother doesn't. When the FBI maybe, or whoever they were, told me what they thought he was doing, I didn't believe it. He is just not that type of person to be doing any wrong, anything that would hurt his country.

"It seems funny. I look at the expression of faces I talk and even those two, when I said my brother—'Hello and how are you,' and that is all. They don't believe it. I have a family and it is hard for me. I have responsibilities. I have something on my mind. I don't have time to sit down and talk and check with people."

One employee was charged with knowing a man who listed as a reference Robert E. Sherwood, "who [has] been identified as a member of Communist Front groups." Mr. Sherwood, the Pulitzer Prize playwright and adviser to President Franklin Roosevelt, made this comment to the writer: "My political views have been all too well known and advertised for a long time. Among other things in 1940 I wrote a play which was somewhat anti-Communist." Mr. Sherwood won the Pulitzer Prize in 1941 for "There Shall Be No Night," a play about Finland's gallant resistance to the Russian invasion.

The cruelest instance of failure to check a charge properly was that of an employee accused on just one count—"that you are alleged to be mentally or emotionally unstable." When he asked for details of the charge, he received a letter saying: "You have made numerous complaints to law enforcement agencies . . . to the effect that unknown individuals were flashing rays at members of your family. . . ."

At his hearing the employee testified, with a doctor's letter for confirmation, that his wife had become ill from a thyroid condition some years before and had had hallucinations; that at her insistence he had told police and the FBI that she thought strangers were flashing rays at her. She had since been cured.

The employee was eventually cleared, but after a proceeding that lasted almost ten months, during half of which he was suspended without pay. Though he later received his back pay, he was not given his old job again but got another paying

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

twenty per cent less than the one he had held.

3. *The government's asserted privilege of withholding the names of "confidential informants" has been abused to the point of absurdity.*

In the forty-seven hearings described in Yarmolinsky's study, the government produced a total of five witnesses. One was an FBI agent who testified about an interview with the accused employee. Another was a security officer and two were supervisors who gave routine testimony. One was a private citizen who had told the FBI that a person with the same name as the employee had recruited him into the Communist Party but who could not identify the employee on seeing him.

In thirty-six of the remaining hearings the only government "evidence" read into the record was the charges. Some matters that clearly had nothing to do with internal security were labeled CONFIDENTIAL. For example, in the case of the employee whose wife saw "flashing rays" —the only charge against him—he was told at the start of his hearing that FBI reports from confidential informants would not be shown to him.

4. *Security hearings tend to be exactly what the government says they are not—"adversary proceedings."*

"Direct examination consisted of 6 pages in the transcript, cross-examination . . . 80 pages," Mr. Yarmolinsky observes dryly in one case. In the hearings described, employees and their witnesses were subjected to cross-examination at least as antagonistic as in a criminal trial, and without comparable restrictions as to relevancy.

Employees were asked what they thought about the tidelands oil question, about public ownership of utilities, about the Army-McCarthy hearings. One was asked, "What do you think of female chastity?" Witnesses were asked whether the accused employee "espouses the cause of the underdog" or does "a lot of reading."

There were a surprisingly large number of racial questions. Negroes were asked how fast they thought integration should proceed. One was forced in lengthy questioning to describe a friend's exact shade of brown. Another was accused of making "left-wing talk" for having told a security officer that he "would rather be a second-class citizen in Mississippi than a first-class citizen in Russia." When one employee quoted his college dean on a point, a hearing board member asked if the dean was Jewish.

One employee was asked, "Did you believe at one time that the government of the United States and the Communist government of Russia could co-exist in a peaceful manner?" When he answered "Yes," he was asked: "Do you entertain that thought at the present time?" The employee said: "No sir, my attitude is realistic."

A witness who mentioned a conversation with the accused about Korean War prisoners was put to this exchange:

WITNESS: We talked about it a little bit, wondering why some of the guys wanted to stay over there. . . . We felt that Red propaganda had a lot to do with it. They were depressed, lonely, hungry, beaten, subject to any kind of punishment. Of course you don't have a clear mind to think with.

BOARD MEMBER: At Valley Forge that didn't bother them very much, did it?

WITNESS: Pardon, sir?

BOARD MEMBER: At Valley Forge that didn't bother them very much, did it? Of course they died from it.

In some of the Army cases reported by Mr. Watts the soldiers were handed a "G-2 summary of information" at the hearing. This was a strange collection of "derogatory information," without sources, which the soldier was presumably to answer in the hearing.

One G-2 summary said: "Subject possessed a copy of the Reporter dated 29 September 1953, and also had copies of the New Republic and Nation. (Files indicate that the Nation and the New Republic both have long records as liberal publications; that they cannot be described as Communist, but they are so infiltrated with the Communist Party policy that they serve the interest of Communists and confuse liberals on many issues.)"

As for *The Reporter,* this G-2 summary said it had been cited by the California (Tenney) Committee on Un-American Activities in 1948. *The Reporter* was not in existence in 1948. The publication apparently cited by the Tenney Committee was a *"Reporter"* put out by the National Council of American-Soviet Friendship which stopped publication in 1946.

5. *Decisions do not follow any firm pattern, and in most cases it is impossible to find out the basis for them.*

In one of the cases reported, a wife was cleared and her husband convicted on identical charges. In several cases, hearing boards voted to clear the defendant, but higher officials reversed the verdicts without giving any notice or chance to appeal what had appeared to be a victory. In only one of the fifty Yarmolinsky cases was the employee told the reason for the decision,

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

whether favorable or unfavorable.

Inconsistency of verdicts is inevitable because, as Mr. Yarmolinsky notes, the question in most security cases is one of interpretation, not fact. Thus, he says, the issue may be not whether an employee was at some meeting but rather "how much weight should be given to [his] admitted attendance say 15 years ago at a meeting of an organization later cited by the House Committee on Un-American Activities."

6. *A security proceeding is a damaging process, however it ends.*

The average case reported in the Yarmolinsky study took ten months to decide. Legal fees averaged $350—and that at about one-third of the hourly rate charged by established metropolitan lawyers for other than security cases. The employee was suspended without pay most of that time. Furthermore, sixteen of the fifty-one employees had gone through previous loyalty or security proceedings and had been cleared; none had been accused of doing anything wrong since his last clearance.

They Can't Win

Two of the accused suffered mental breakdowns after they were charged. An atomic-energy consultant for a private firm was cleared but was told that his job no longer existed. Several of those who lost their cases could find no jobs at all or had to take menial work; a Ph.D. did manual labor. Draftees who were given general or undesirable discharges lost veterans' benefits. A reserve first lieutenant was formally cleared of charges but found that he could not get the necessary command approval to go to the summer encampment he had to attend to stay in the reserve.

THE TWO BOOKS would not be described as popular reading. Legal aspects are emphasized, and blanked-out names make the going difficult. Nevertheless, the impact is tremendous. No one can read these case histories—especially Mr. Yarmolinsky's more comprehensive and detailed treatment—without feeling sickened at the human and material waste involved in security programs that now cover more than ten million Americans.

The Dawn Comes Up In Malaya

ALEX JOSEY

SINGAPORE

AFTER nearly four hundred years of some sort of foreign rule, first by the Portuguese, then the Dutch, and finally the British, the nine Malay States and two British Settlements, Penang and Malacca, that go to make up the Malayan Federation held their first general election on July 27. The election was Malaya's first big step toward self-government, and the independence that Malayans hope to achieve within four years.

Malaya is roughly the same size as New York State. A little less than half of its nearly six million people

are Malays. There are some 600,000 Indians, most of them rubber tappers. The rest of the non-Malays are Chinese. Four-fifths of the country is still dense, steamy jungle. The Malays live mainly in villages, or kampongs. The Chinese have their own villages, and large numbers live crowded together in the twenty large cities. It is nothing for as many as fifty Chinese men, women, and children to live in a house which, in Britain or America, would be comfortable for a family of five or six.

At election time, helicopters, elephants, and runners were employed to get the ballot boxes through the jungle. Launches converted into mobile polling booths chugged up swift rivers to get into bandit-infested areas. In Malay, Chinese, and English, Radio Malaya kept plugging the government song, "Everybody Vote." Laughing and singing, women put on their brightest sarongs and their gold ornaments, and, lugging their babies, went off down the jungle track to register their first vote. They thought it great fun.

Alliance for Merdeka

They also knew whom to vote for: the Alliance candidate. Intensive propaganda by a most efficient vote-catching machine left them in no doubt. The three main communal parties—the United Malay, the Malayan Chinese, and the Malayan Indians—had agreed months before to put aside their big differences and to fight the election as an Alliance agreed upon one important issue—Merdeka, which means Freedom. They couldn't miss. Merdeka won, the Alliance romping home with fifty-one of the fifty-two seats up for election in an Assembly of ninety-eight. Of the million votes cast that day, nearly eighty-five per cent of the total electorate—more than 800,000—were for the Alliance. All together the Alliance polled four times as many votes as the other six parties and independents combined, and more than ten times as many as Party Negara, its biggest rival. Forty-three of their opponents lost their election deposits because they did not get the required one-eighth of the votes. One Alliance man won with a majority of twenty-nine thousand in a constituency of thirty-one thousand.

When I went to his hotel room to congratulate him, Tungku Abdul Rahman, fifty-two-year-old Malay prince turned nationalist politician and now second only to the British High Commissioner in the new Government, was genuinely surprised that the Alliance had lost even one seat. "I just can't understand it," Rahman said, handing me a bundle of congratulatory cables to read. "I've been saying for weeks that we would win all fifty-two." The Tungku's confidence was based upon his

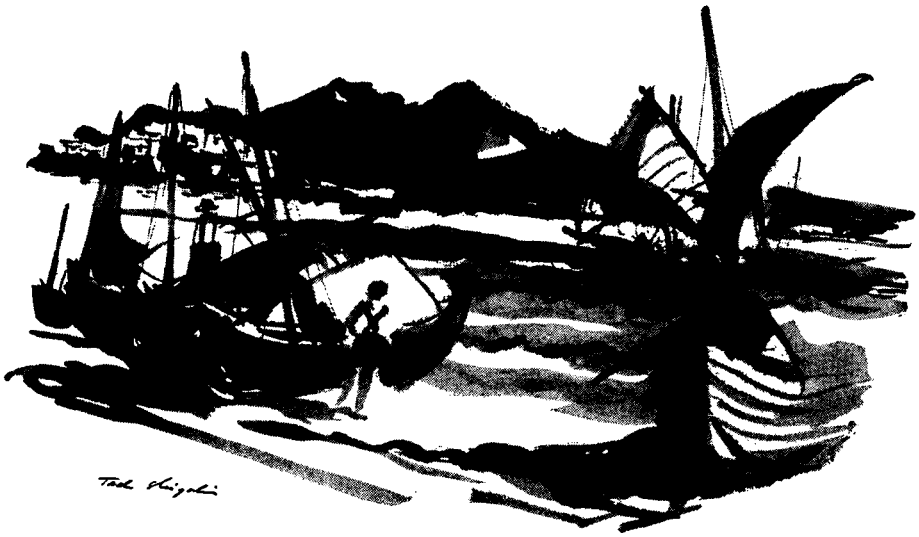
PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

firm conviction that the Malays preferred Merdeka to slavery. At least that was what he told the voters the issue was. He did not confuse their minds with anything else. I was able to tell the Tungku that more than a thousand votes were spoiled in the constituency, Perak, where the Alliance lost its solitary seat. If a fresh election is called for there, then there is a strong possibility that the Alliance, after all, will win all fifty-two.

Rahman, who went to Cambridge when he was nineteen and who passed his bar examinations when he was forty-five, is the son of a former Sultan of Kedah (one of the nine Malay States) and the brother of the present ruler. He was confident the Alliance would win because eighty-five per cent of the voters in the general election were Malays. He knew his Malays. He knew they loved Merdeka. It had been the clarion call of the Indonesians when they fought for their independence against the Dutch in a rather messy and confused affair in 1947, and Malays and Indonesians come from the same common racial stock.

The Tungku also knew the strength of the United Malay National Organization (U.M.N.O.), which was founded by Dato Sir Onn bin Jaafar in 1948 when he roused the Malays to resist the British intention of making Malaya into a Crown Colony.

The organization, keystone of the Alliance, proved to be much stronger than the man who created it, for Dato Onn was among the heavily defeated members of Party Negara. The reason for Party Negara's complete eclipse was that the party contained many Malays, including Onn, who had collaborated with the British. Halfway through the election campaign some of the Party Negara candidates realized that the tide was against them. Foolishly, they sought to arouse the emotions of the Malays and attract Malay votes by making violent speeches against the Chinese. The massive United Malay support remained unmoved. The organization was stronger even than racism. Not one of the fifteen Chinese standing as Alliance candidates lost to his Malay opponent. As Lee Kuan Yew, leader of the separate colony of Singapore's People's Action Party, remarked to me later: "Had the candidates been English or even donkeys the result would have been the same, so long as U.M.N.O. said they were Alliance."



Reds on the Spot

Two important factors emerge from the overwhelming victory. First, this will not be a Government without opposition. There will be plenty of opposition from within the Alliance, and also from within the parties that make it up. Nor must the fact be forgotten that the elected members of the Legislative Council number only fifty-two out of a total of ninety-eight. The remaining members are appointed by the British High Commissioner, Sir Donald MacGillivray.

But much more urgent and important than the internal politics of the Government (which nonetheless must be taken into account) is the question of the Communist revolt that has been going on in Malaya for the past seven years.

In 1948 the secret Malayan Communist Party, consisting almost entirely of Chinese, declared guerrilla war on the British Administration. Its members said they were fighting a war of liberation, and they attacked the colonial government and British rubber and tin concerns. There are still great numbers of armed Communist terrorists. In seven years the authorities have eliminated more than eight thousand guerrillas and spent probably $250 million in an effort to quell this revolt. The best that can be said is that while the authorities have not defeated the guerrilla army, the Communists have been prevented from carrying out their objective—to establish by force a Communist state.

Now the situation has changed considerably. For the Communists it must be much more difficult. The colonial government has been largely replaced, through the ballot box, by an Administration almost fanatically supported by three million Malays and perhaps a third of the more than two million Chinese. Probably another third of the Chinese secretly sympathize with the Communist terrorists. The other third can be relied on to sit on the fence. What this means is that no longer can the Malayan Communist Party pretend to fight to liberate the masses from British imperialism.

Cheng Peng, mystery leader of the Communists, must be doing some hard thinking in his jungle hideout somewhere near the Thailand border. As soon as the votes were counted, Rahman declared that he wanted peace in Malaya quickly because he wanted the millions of dollars now being spent on fighting the Communists to go to road building, new schools, and many ambitious welfare schemes. Several weeks earlier the Communists had sent a letter to Rahman and other political leaders offering to negotiate an end to the war. This, significantly, was in keeping with the new line at the Bandung Conference in Indonesia and also in keeping with the new international Communist policy of negotiation. At the insistence of the British, the offer was rejected. The fight would go on.

Rahman has announced that he

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

will offer an amnesty to the Reds in September, providing simply that they lay down their arms and become law-abiding citizens, abjuring political activity as Communists. In an about-face from their unyielding position of the past seven years, the British have given official approval to these lenient terms. Apparently they do not wish to run counter to the wishes of the Government Rahman leads—and it will be blamed if the amnesty offer fails.

The Communists are hardly in a position to reject the terms Rahman has offered them and continue the fight. They must know that the Malays will be angered if they try to "liberate" anyone by attacking a Malay Government. Continued terrorism would inevitably be interpreted as a racial war—which is the last thing the Communists want in Malaya.

Therefore, there is a strong possibility that guerrilla warfare may soon come to an end in Malaya directly as a result of Rahman's victory at the polls.

Problems Within the Alliance

Colonel H. S. Lee, the man behind the scenes in the Malayan Chinese Association and leader of the Chinese business community, supported the previous British attitude of unconditional surrender for the Communist Party. But the Colonel knows he is in no position to clash with Rahman at this stage. Less than twelve per cent of the Chinese in Malaya have votes, and this must be changed before the Malayan Chinese Association can become anything more than a junior partner in the Alliance. The Chinese may supply the coalition with a great deal of money, drive, organizational ability, and ideas, but they must still be careful to use nothing but subtle persuasion to get the Malays to think their way.

And so in spite of its huge majority Rahman's Government is not a Government without opposition. Whatever happens, the Communists can also be relied on to form some sort of opposition, probably in the form of labor trouble. Even if that problem were settled, it is most unlikely that there will be continuous harmony within the Alliance for very long. Six Government Ministers are Malays, three are Chinese, and one is Indian. Included in both the United Malays and the Malayan Chinese Association are capitalists and socialists—and, unquestionably, secret Communists. Thus there will be many conflicting opinions on how to solve any important national issue.

Some of the purely racial differences are hard to resolve. An example is the political position of the Chinese. Most of the Chinese are voteless, mainly because in Malaya there are ten nationalities and one federal citizenship. A man can be a national of the sovereign states of Perlis, Pahang, Kelantan, Trengganu, Selangor, Kedah, Johore, Perak, or Negri Sembilan, or be British if he was born in the British Settlements of Penang or Malacca, but it is not easy to become a federal citizen.

Education

Another issue is education. Fundamentally, all Malays believe in the slogan of the defeated Negara—"One Nation, One People, One Language." Most Chinese in Malaya want to retain their culture and their language, which they consider superior to the Malayans'. The Chinese opposed the British compromise plan to establish national schools that would provide Malays, Chinese, and Indians with basic instruction in English, and also teach Malay, Chinese, or Tamil to those wishing to learn those languages.

For electioneering purposes the United Malays insisted that Malay be the national language. Their allies of the Malayan Chinese Association could not resist this demand. But when, after the Alliance had routed its opponents, I asked Colonel Lee and Rahman if this meant that the Chinese were willing for their children to be taught Malay, the Tungku immediatedly answered "Yes," whereas the Colonel seemed to be most uncomfortable and unsure. Clearly, education is another problem that will have to be argued out before any large-scale educational policy and plan can be adopted.

Then there is the vexed and complex question of Malay participation in the economy. Few Malays are in business, and fewer still are wealthy. On the other hand many Chinese are millionaires. Not all the blame (or credit) for the Malays' lack of personal wealth can be attributed to their religious belief that it is wrong to accept interest on money. The Malays just seem to lack a flair for business.

In the opinion of the tiny Labour Party (two of its four candidates lost their deposits), nothing but socialism—a common economic interest—can bring the Chinese and the Malays together. It is a fact that the Malays actually produce as much wealth in the country as the Chinese, but few Malays are middlemen, and that is where the money is made.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

So far, hardly any of the peasants understand Labour's promise of a welfare state. Of the Chinese who do, many prefer to remain rugged individualists and hope that one day they will become millionaires.

The Independent Commission

To settle all outstanding differences between the races, prior to the election, the Alliance agreed to set up an independent commission headed, probably, by an Indian from India. When in due course the commission makes its recommendations, it can be reasonably expected that the Administration will be faced with its first serious challenge. Whatever the commission does will almost certainly be bad for one of the factions of the three parties. If concessions are proposed for the Chinese, the United Malays' left wing will probably object; if the concessions are not sufficient, then the Chinese will bring pressure to bear on the Malayan Chinese Association. At worst the Alliance could split wide open, a result that would please the Communists immensely.

Another delicate matter which was avoided by the Alliance during the election, and which will probably go on being avoided by the new Government, is the question of the unity of the Malayan Federation with the island of Singapore, which is attached to the toe of Johore by a mile-long causeway. Singapore, a British colony politically separate from Malaya, has also been clamoring of late for more independence. In Singapore there are a million Chinese, who compose eighty per cent of the population. If Singapore became part of the United Malayan nation, the form of which has not yet been agreed on, there would be four million Chinese to three million Malays. And the Chineseness of the Singapore Chinese is very strong indeed. When I spoke to Rahman about Singapore he said what millions of Malays think: "We are in no hurry."

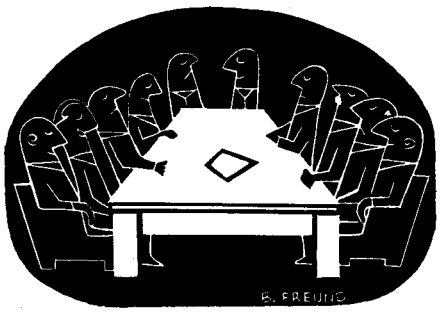
MALAYA is in for some interesting times. All the British can do now is to watch and try to exert some discreet influence. The Malayans have many conflicting ideas about what to be independent for. But there is no division among them about what to be independent from.

Is Germany the Key To Soviet Maneuvers?

ISAAC DEUTSCHER

THE Geneva Conference of July illuminated the evolution of Soviet foreign policy since Stalin's death, notably changes in the approach to the German problem. More than ever, it seems to me that this issue has been in the center of the controversy that divided the Soviet ruling group and was a major cause of the two dramatic governmental crises of 1953 and 1955. Conversely, as I see it, every change in the ruling group has entailed a shift in Moscow's German policy.

The brief but intricate story of the post-Stalin era falls into three chapters. In the first, which lasted from



March until mid-June, 1953, the Soviet Union was ruled by Malenkov and Beria; in the second, power was exercised by the coalition of Malenkov and Khrushchev, which in February, 1955, gave place to the Khrushchev-Bulganin combination. It is striking that the transition from one chapter to another was never preceded by any startling event in Soviet domestic affairs that would offer a clue to the subsequent governmental crisis. But at the end of each chapter a strikingly dramatic development took place in German affairs.

The Malenkov-Beria coalition collapsed in the days of the June rising in East Germany. The Malenkov-Khrushchev combination broke up after the signing of the Paris and London Agreements and West Germany's inclusion in NATO became imminent. In each case the impact of German developments shook Moscow, replaced one political alignment by another, and led to a revision of Soviet foreign and domestic policies.

Accent on Reunification

Stalin's successors sought to preserve the assets and reduce the liabilities he had bequeathed. It was in the months of the Malenkov-Beria coalition that most of the conciliatory moves of Soviet foreign policy, beginning with the Korean armistice, were initiated. Malenkov and Beria saw in the German situation, as Stalin had left it, the greatest single liability of Soviet diplomacy. They viewed Germany's division and the presence of the armed forces of East and West on German soil as the chief obstacles to a rationalization of Soviet foreign policy and the chief source of international tension. They contemplated nothing less than a withdrawal from Germany and the virtual abandonment of the East German Communist régime, hoping that they would be able to persuade the western powers to agree to a withdrawal of their forces too. They assumed that it would be possible for the U.S.S.R. to effect an orderly retreat, without much loss of face and without shattering Soviet power positions in the rest of eastern Europe.

The accusation later leveled against Beria that he intended to "surrender East Germany to world capitalism" was thus not quite groundless, only that Beria, far from being an "agent of imperialism" and guilty of conspiracy and treason, had advocated this "surrender" as part of a definite political and diplomatic conception for which he argued in the normal way with his colleagues. This conception was reflected in the Soviet documents of the time and it was emphatically formulated in the famous "Reply to President Eisenhower" that appeared in *Pravda* on April 25, 1953. The "Reply," which was Beria's and Malenkov's explicit

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

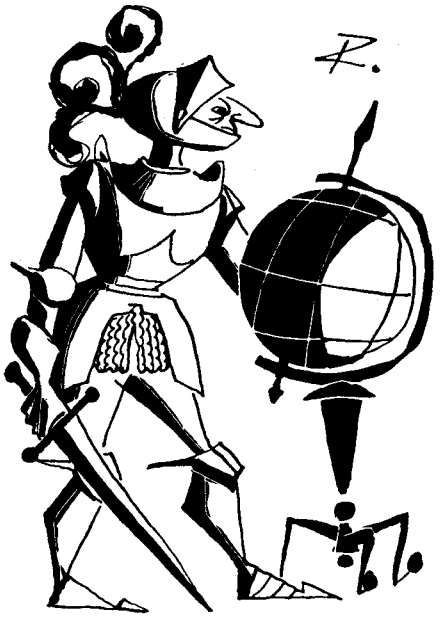
appeal to the West, stated categorically that "A peace treaty with Germany giving the German people the possibility of a reunion in one state . . . should be concluded as early as possible; and following closely upon this the occupation troops should be withdrawn. . . ."

Reversal of a Reversal

When this statement is compared with the attitude taken up by Bulganin and Khrushchev at Geneva, the change and the contrast are self-evident. In April, 1953, Moscow gave top priority to Germany's reunification. Only after unification were foreign troops to be withdrawn, and the fact that two antagonistic states with "differing social and political systems" had existed in Germany for nearly eight years was not seen as an insuperable obstacle to early reunification. At Geneva the Soviet leaders based their policy on Germany's continued division, which had, in their view, been rendered inevitable not only by West German adherence to NATO but also by the existence of the two antagonistic German régimes. Malenkov and Beria were prepared to try to reverse Stalin's policies in Germany and dismantle the Pieck-Ulbricht government, believing that this would secure a stable peace. Khrushchev and Bulganin appear to have ruled out any such reversal. They stand firm by the Communist régime in East Germany.

It may be assumed, although this cannot be proved, that if the western powers had tried to negotiate with Russia in the spring or early summer of 1953, when Sir Winston Churchill first urged them to do so, they would have found the Soviet leaders much more ready to make important concessions of substance on Germany than they have found them at Geneva. But at that time most western statesmen were convinced that "nothing had changed in Russia," viewed the Russian scene with incredulity, and were not inclined to act at once. Then the rising of June 16-17 suddenly brought to light the risks and dangers to Russia that were inherent in the Malenkov-Beria policy. The opinion gained ground in Moscow's ruling group that an orderly retreat from Germany was almost impossible, and that, if attempted, it was likely to turn into a rout and to shake the Communist régimes in eastern Europe.

WHAT FOLLOWED was a phase of transition characterized by indecision and ambiguity. Under Malenkov and Khrushchev the emphasis of Soviet diplomacy was no longer on Germany's early reunification, but it had not yet shifted to continued division. In the long series of notes addressed to the western powers in the second half of 1953 and during the Berlin Conference early in 1954, Foreign Minister Molotov argued at no point from Germany's continued division. Halfheartedly he still pleaded for unification and even advanced fairly specific schemes for the setting up of an all-German government. Throughout 1954, while the western campaign for West German rearmament was still in progress, Soviet policy was in a state of suspense. Moscow encouraged the French opposition to EDC and then sought to obstruct the passage of the London and Paris Agreements. The failure of these efforts ended the state of suspense; after Malenkov's fall, Molotov relegated to the archives his schemes for an all-German government.



The Atomic Stalemate

Whatever one may think about the hopes raised by the Geneva Conference, on the German issue the attitude of the Soviet government is now more clearly defined than it was before, and it is much stiffer. Amid smiles and friendly handshakes (which came after the renunciation by Moscow of the Anglo-Soviet and Franco-Soviet alliances!) Khrushchev and Bulganin carried out the threat that they would not seriously negotiate over Germany's unification as long as the Federal Republic was part of NATO. Straight from Geneva the two Soviet leaders went to East Germany to demonstrate that they backed to the hilt the Pieck-Ulbricht régime. (In June, 1953, Beria had gone to Berlin in order to set the stage for its dismantling.)

This is not to say that the "summit" conference was a mere hoax, or that the present Soviet rulers are not in earnest when they express the desire for a relaxation of tension. But the limitations they envisage should be clearly realized. Malenkov and Beria believed that a change in the German status quo was its most essential condition. Bulganin and Khrushchev seek to achieve the *détente* on the basis and within the framework of the status quo. The first two aimed at what they believed would lead to a thorough and radical disengagement of the armed forces of East and West, while the latter aim at a partial disengagement only.

Behind all the trappings of Geneva and the paraphernalia of the Soviet collective-security pact (designed to last into the next millennium) there is, I believe, a genuine desire to call a halt to the arms race and, if possible, to bring about a substantial reduction of armaments.

Parallel with the change in the Soviet approach to Germany, a significant modification seems to have occurred in Soviet strategic thinking. In 1953, Russia was not yet confident in its ability to match the United States in the production of nuclear weapons and transcontinental bombers. Soviet strategic thought still moved mainly along the lines of conventional warfare. Russia clung obstinately to its superiority in conventional weapons. From the point of view of traditional strategy, no military disengagement between East and West was possible as long as Germany was divided and eastern and western armies were garrisoned on German soil. Since then, however,

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Soviet strategic thought has advanced in step with Soviet nuclear power. The atomic stalemate between East and West has become a fact. The maintenance of superiority in conventional forces is no longer essential to Russia.

THIS CREATES the possibility of a relaxation based on a universal reduction of armaments. But the new strategic outlook affects Germany in a rather unexpected way. In terms of intercontinental atomic strategy, no thorough military disengagement of East and West is possible at all. Even the evacuation and neutralization of a unified Germany could not bring it about. Intercontinental air forces are not disengageable. Thus, from the Soviet viewpoint, a decisive incentive for ending Germany's partition has vanished. Russia's security can no longer be enhanced, at least in the view that seems to have prevailed recently in Moscow, by any German settlement agreed on with the western powers. But Russia's—and the world's—insecurity may be lessened by a reduction of armaments. This probably is why Bulganin and Khrushchev are more conciliatory over disarmament than were their predecessors and why they argue that collective security and disarmament should be given priority over the German problem and be tackled independently of it.

Diplomacy and Ideology

In all these considerations, Germany is still treated as the mere "object of history" it was during the first postwar decade. If it is possible to speak now of continued division, it is so largely because no irresistible popular movement for unification has so far emerged in Germany to force the hands of the victors of 1945—a fact by which future historians will certainly be puzzled. Yet in their long-term plans, Soviet policymakers are undoubtedly allowing for the emergence of such a movement, and they foresee the moment when the status quo will become untenable. How then do they envisage eventual unification?

SOVIET long-term policy is usually framed in alternative terms of conventional diplomacy and revolutionary "ideology." Ideas about Germany's eventual unification must also fall into these two categories. Which of the ideas is eventually put into effect—the conventional diplomatic or the revolutionary—will depend on many still unpredictable circumstances.

Let us first consider the revolutionary scheme of things. On the face of it, any variant of policy envisaging Germany's unification by means of a revolution may appear quite unrealistic. The German Communist Party is utterly discredited. Its influence west of the Elbe is almost nil, and even east of the Elbe it enjoys little popular support. As an instrument of revolution it is at present quite worthless. But it does not follow that it must remain worthless forever. The decay of German Communism has not been due to any inherent lack of popular appeal. Under the Weimar Republic millions of German workers followed the Communist Party, and on the collapse of the Third Reich the eyes of many Germans turned for a moment hopefully toward Communism. Communist influence was then destroyed by the shock it received from Stalin's policy of national revenge, from the abominable conduct of the Soviet occupation troops, and from the revelation of the discrepancy between western and Soviet standards of living.

Stalin's successors are working hard to live down this part of Stalin's legacy, and they are assisted by Russia's economic and cultural development since the war. Russia, I believe, is no longer interested in exploiting the Soviet Zone of Germany or in keeping down the German economy as a whole, if only because the volume of Russian industrial output, according to my information, is now at least two and a half to three times as large as that of Germany. This is the momentous and quite new factor in Russo-German relations that will make itself felt in the coming decade. I predict that its weight will increase immensely with the further progress of Soviet industrialization. The vast gap between the German and the Soviet standards of living is being bridged; it may well vanish within the next ten years.

The education of the Soviet masses is another new factor. The time may not be far off when Germany coming into contact with Russia will no longer be repelled by the Asian element in Russia's outlook as it was in 1945. Moscow obviously expects that all these processes, and especially the liberalization of the post-Stalinist régime, will in the long run have powerful repercussions—first in East Germany, which will participate in Soviet prosperity as it participated after 1945 in Soviet poverty and misery, and then also in the rest of Germany.

Waiting for a Crash

Assumptions about a slump in the capitalistic economy of the West are never absent from Soviet policymaking. They are now made much more cautiously than they were some years ago, but it is still taken for granted that the slump, no matter how long delayed, is bound to come with a crash and to transform the German political scene. If within a few years the German Federal Republic were to see an end of its present prosperity, a decline of living standards, and the reappearance of mass unemployment while the economy of East Germany was on the upswing, then the present unchallenged and unchallengeable supremacy of the anti-Communist parties in the Federal Republic might well be undermined. The call for reunification would then resound

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

anew from East Germany, and perhaps meet with a response unimaginable under present conditions. It would then be a call for unity on a Communist basis.

This prospect was certainly present in the minds of Bulganin and Khrushchev when they argued in Geneva that the conditions were "not yet ripe" for Germany's unification, and when they assured crowds in Berlin that the "mechanical fusion of the two parts of Germany which are developing in different directions is an unreal business." Beria and Malenkov favored a Soviet retreat from East Germany because they believed that an early and stable peace was a more "real business" than a German revolution in 1960 or 1965. Bulganin and Khrushchev, in my opinion, want to preserve East Germany as the springboard of an all-German revolution. Should the revolutionary expectations fail, then they or their successors will tackle the German problems in the conventional diplomatic manner.

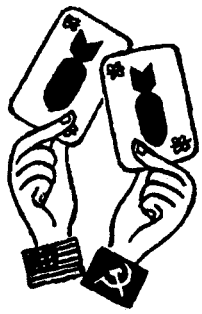
Diplomacy: The Direct Deal

The premise on which the conduct of Soviet diplomacy appears to be based at present is that all Soviet attempts, whatever they were worth, to agree with the western powers over Germany have failed, and that it is futile to continue them after Germany's inclusion in NATO. This is the point in which Soviet policy seems to have crystallized in recent months. At Geneva, Bulganin and Khrushchev stated quite clearly that the terms on which they would consider Germany's unification were not merely Germany's exclusion from NATO but the dismantlement of NATO itself. This amounted to saying that henceforth negotiations over Germany would be more or less unreal unless the Atlantic powers retraced all the steps they had taken since 1948.

The corollary to this is that if at any time Germany's unification could not be postponed any longer, and if it had to be unification "on a capitalist basis," Moscow would negotiate over this not with the Atlantic powers but directly with the Federal German Republic. Russia could then offer the virtual surrender of East Germany to a West German government on the condition that said government get out of NATO.

Such a bilateral deal would fit in well with the traditions of Russian diplomacy, which in critical situations has more than once sought *rapprochement* with Germany whenever it could not come to terms with the western powers. The Rapallo Treaty and the Soviet-German pact of 1939 are the obvious precedents which in their turn had behind them the older tradition of Russo-German co-operation of the Bismarck era. Moscow is convinced that, in spite of Dr. Adenauer's firm commitment to the Atlantic alliance, the "Bismarck idea" is still alive and stirring under the surface in the Federal Republic and that it will survive Dr. Adenauer's Administration.

But whenever Russian diplomacy chooses to make another direct appeal to this tradition, it will do so under circumstances incomparably more favorable than in the past. Never before has Russia enjoyed as strong a bargaining position, nor is it likely to enjoy a stronger one in the foreseeable future. Never before, I think, has the balance of economic power been so favorable to Russia. In the past, Germany was Europe's



leading industrial nation. Now it is Russia. Germany's ability to dispute Russia's place must, it seems to me, be evaluated as no greater than was France's ability to dispute Germany's economic ascendancy after 1870. Never before did Russia deal with Germany while eastern Europe was united under Russian leadership. Never before was Russia's influence even remotely as powerful in Asia as it is now. Never before could Russia tempt Germany with prospects of trade as dazzling as those it may hold out for the near future, even though the reality of these prospects must depend on the extent to which the economy of the Soviet bloc remains or does not remain closed and self-sufficient.

Finally, never before has Russia held so formidable a bargaining point as the one it now possesses: It is on Russia, and Russia alone, that the recovery by Germany of its national identity and of the fullness of its national life depends. The Soviet leaders assume that they can afford to wait, and that once they have brought their full bargaining power to bear upon it, the Federal German Republic will not be able to refuse a bilateral settlement of Russo-German affairs.

Playing for Time

Soviet diplomacy is acting in this matter with its customary patience, but also with a great capacity for rapid decision and action. It is probably not yet in a hurry to bring its full bargaining power into play. Dr. Adenauer's invitation to Moscow seems to be not more than an early preliminary to future action. Moscow's purpose at the moment is to establish normal contacts with Bonn and perhaps also to open up channels of trade. Only after this has been achieved will it be possible for Soviet diplomacy to gauge more accurately than hitherto the currents of West German opinion, to explore the alignments behind the scenes, and to discover the exact points at which Soviet bargaining power may be applied in due time with the utmost effect. Only when a Soviet embassy is established in West Germany can the Russians begin to look around and see who and where are the influential men eager for a deal with Russia.

Time alone can show which of the solutions, the revolutionary or the conventional diplomatic, is practicable and, from the Soviet viewpoint, preferable. At Geneva Bulganin and Khrushchev played for time, and it is for time, much time, that Soviet diplomacy will be playing in the series of negotiations that will be opened in October. Since the western powers are doing the same—indeed, since the atomic stalemate compels both East and West to avoid head-on collision—the time span during which Soviet diplomacy may be able to postpone a solution of the German problem may prove to be considerable.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

VIEWS & REVIEWS

Reeling, Writhing —and Grouping

HORTENSE CALISHER

I WENT to an old-fashioned school. All those who wish to animadvert on education ought to be able to begin that way, and often do anyhow, but those of us who, some twenty-five years ago, attended Hunter College High School under the reign of Miss Louisa M. Webster are qualified better than most. As a matter of fact, having been to it during those years has a value almost antiquary, for right spang in the middle of the Dewey-Watson renascence in educational theory, while elsewhere lucky pupils were being urged to be "individual," to "self-express," we were in effect still going to school with our own grandmothers—we were being made "to conform to a group."

Looking now at what's being done to my children, I see that, like most antiques, the value has but come round again for different reasons—we pay $25 for Gram's bed warmer now, but in order to hang it on the wall. For the word "group" still means what it essentially did then, in spite of all the self-delusive polyphony with which educators surround it—just the way a free-form picture of the family dog, though harder to recognize than a Landseer, is still the same old Rover.

. . . in Corpore Sano

An all-girl public high school in New York City, Hunter was enterable only by competitive examination, and was therefore known to the rest of the city (as Townsend Harris was for the boys) as a "school for grinds," an epithet not undeserved when one considers the hours of attendance—nine to five—and the curriculum, all required, which consisted of four years each of Latin, math, history, English, oral English, three years of another language (a heady choice here, and the only one—French *or* German), and a year each of biology and physics, these latter a fairly new departure and considered somewhat dilettante, but still required. In addition we had two hours a week of physical education, this consisting of the "Simon Says DO THIS!" type of calisthenics performed, in winter, in a gym whose cellar gloom prepared us admirably for the speakeasies of our salad days, and accomplished in spring in the paved school yard under the eyes of the jeering populace, by which latter experience we almost immediately achieved that "group identification" which is such a premeditated part of today's schooling.

We did not covet this, but we had it all right. It was furthered by our costume—middy, tie, sneaks, heavy serge bloomers whose elastic must not be pushed above the knee, and black cotton stockings—all of which, except for the middies which we wore from home, were to be kept in our lockers like tiaras and under no circumstances to be taken home for washing during the term, lest we forget them and thus have too natural an excuse from our fifty minutes of eupepsia. It is not surprising, therefore, that the only other course that I can recall as being in any way connected with *our* personalities, with *us*—a stray weekly hour of hygiene—consisted almost entirely of instructions to wash.

THIS COURSE, also a recent innovation, fell to the lot of the otherwise music teacher, possessor of an enormous bosom that the authorities must have felt suited to the sympathetic hazards of her task (I am sure the course was meant to include subjects more variable than cleanliness), but which I remember as nothing to cry upon—a vast Edwardian superstructure, more operatic than maternal, across which a string of huge amber beads stretched in a line that pointed straight at the observer and then hung, on a plumb line I have never seen equaled. During the course she made two allusions, no doubt about it, to sex, but managed them both in terms of ablution. It was possible, she said, that some day we might some of us be married. Here the whole class stiffened for

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

revelation, only to be informed that marriage involved cookery, and that lettuce, like us, ought to be well washed. On another occasion, glancing at the window shades and drawing the long breath needed for recitative pianissimo, she told us that when one became a woman there were things one ought to know. We held a pause of some three measures as accurately as if she held a baton, only to hear that being women still involved baths—only sometimes not too hot.

Group, Group, Group

For the rest, I don't remember the school's ever being interested in our psyches or our future lives, or worrying about us as people in any self-consciously pedagogical way. That's terrible, I know, and you won't catch me denying it; I and my friends who went there have some of the damnedest psyches you ever saw, all because we wasted our precious formative years, with nothing to show for it but an awful lot of Latin. But I've been thinking about that hygiene class recently, nevertheless, in connection with all this educational *brouhaha* about groups. You know. *Group* play, *group* identification, participation *in*, withdrawal *from*. Johnny doesn't work well *with*. Mark isn't articulate enough *in*. Sally will never pass her college boards, but she's a fine member *of*. My son's math teacher also teaches wrestling at the high, and when, on parents' night, I broached the subject of baby's slight mathematical weakness, I was quickly reassured that whereas this might be so, baby was doing fine in wrestling class, where he was getting a real sense of belonging *to*. Group, group, get into the soup—the ululation rises all over America—and not only in the schools, of course. But naturally they go at it hardest and loudest—what with all they know about how to be effective *with*.

But for the moment let's not examine too closely what they mean by their incantatory use of this curious monosyllable; let's for the moment just be in favor of it without defining it (as so many are quite happy to be); let's allow "group" all the mystique, ethos, hubris, an-*aperçu*-just-for-yu, catharsis-for-members-of-all-clarsis, that is claimed for it.

The Formidable Miss Webster

And in the light of that, although I can still see my old school in all the Dickensian murk that should properly surround it, I can also see it as a really remarkable example, when you come to think of it, of what might be called "nondirective group alignment" or possibly "formation of student nuclei by closed-door method of group orientation." Take that hygiene class, for instance. I'm an untrustworthy sort of joiner myself, kind of manic-recessive, with only intermittent fits of relation. And yet I can't recall a group I had a finer sense of identification with, or one I found it easier to be articulate in, than the one that hung around to talk sex in the lavatory at old Hunter High.

Miss Webster, the principal, was one of those deceptively fragile steel-in-lace little old ladies for whom one would cast Helen Hayes if one could do so without the char-rm; she actually did wear, in 1928, high whalebone-cum-lace collars, occasionally embellished with an amethyst "drop" and lace half-mitts to match. She was often to be seen on the crosstown bus in the morning, in poke bonnet or toque, and rustling skirts that just cleared the floor, carrying a wicker basket which must have contained lunch but which I thought of as more likely to contain *lettres de cachet* in a gracefully sinister eighteenth-century way. Despite the crowding in the bus, a deferential space always surrounded her, and she never greeted us, nor did we want her to. Her very presence, a vinegar that might just be poison, had the effect of welding us together in a group as powerfully protective (and mayhap as valuable and healthy to persons of our age then) as any I know. Under her glance we knew that we were canaille, but we knew also without question that we belonged to a very special canaille, one marked by terrible hazard but angry promise—the young.

I OFTEN WONDER whether, in those matey schools where everybody on the faculty has got to be Jimmy or Nancy to the students, they aren't making it very hard for themselves as regards this group business. This practice is akin to that same misapplication of "democracy" to education which confuses equal rights to an education with equal endowment for it, and therefore sets up standards low enough not to hurt anybody. A student ain't equal —yet. No matter what his intelli-

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gence, he can't pretend to the same amount of experience, good or bad, as his elders, and even in the most permissive schools he'll get into trouble if he deludes himself into thinking he has the same authority. Yet there he is, burdened with the awful chore of keeping up a specious social illusion that he has both. And the teachers are burdened with the frequent necessity of calling his bluff, or rather theirs. It's no wonder that all concerned have to start from scratch again with their laborious groupings—how can anybody know who's who?

'Geuil-ls!'

Whereas, behind Miss Webster's back, grouped without artistry but solid as a Roman phalanx, we shared the exquisite security of knowing exactly who and what we were. A rabble we might be, but we were all back there *together*. We would as soon have called her Louisa to her face as have tickled the Pope in the ribs, but behind her back we called her Lulu. How bilked are those others, our children! It must feel like being in Rotary without being in business.

In the school, she kept us all in our agglomerate state in a number of practicable ways. She never learned our names, but addressed us by category only, in that "old New York" accent which must be extinct now, whose diphthongs resembled garage Brooklynese being spoken by a highly cultivated rabbit. When we were caught singly at some malpractice—and almost everything was one—we were "Girl!"—the sound of the "ir" being most akin to the French sound in "*deuil*" —making it "Geuil-l!" When we were caught together, it was "Geuil-ls!"—simple as that.

Miss Webster had a system of cards to be attached to our records for punishment or reward, these done up in the school colors, lavender and white, lavender for grace, white for disgrace. "Moral turpitude" was a phrase that appeared often on the white cards for infringements so tiny that I would weep now for their innocence if I could only remember them—but since almost all of us were Whites, we had an identity here too. Clubs were not forbidden but not greatly encouraged—they came out shyly in out-of-the-way corners in the spring like the arbutus that was the badge of the poetry club—and died of homework (three hours was about minimum) in the fall. The senior class ahead of us once dared to ask for a dance, and was advised that half the class might dress as boys and take the other half. Boys were otherwise never mentioned; Miss Webster would of course have been happiest in a world where the entire human race, one large group of solid lavender, might stand to attention at the sound of "Gueil-ls!" Nowadays the schools, for all their announced intention of turning out "citizens of the community," foolishly arrange things so pleasantly that only a really degenerate nongrouper wants to leave school to be one. Miss Webster did it otherwise—with the back of her hand. Whatever the world might be, it was not Hunter, and we wanted to get there as quickly as possible.

Firing Off Opinions

As for the teachers, they were excellent—at least at the now disreputable craft of forcing a large amount of substantive knowledge into our heads. Neither their psyches nor ours ever entered the situation. Even if either of us had known we had them, the schedule would not have allowed it. There were no discussions, debates, conferences; in class we declaimed, recited, or wrote, but never expressed opinions of our own, having none.

When I went to college and made friends among the girls from "progressive" schools, I admired them exceedingly for two reasons. Whereas we had feared our teachers as our masters, they had only tolerated theirs as their servants; and they had marvelously numerous opinions, round and hard as bullets, which they discharged with the frequency and accuracy of Gatlings. I distinctly remember my sensations when I first realized I had made a judgment of my own; I felt as if I had grown an antler between my ears, and I fondled it for days before I unveiled it.

Later, when I was able to do the trick with more ease, one of the judgments I made was that all my children should go to "progressive" schools, where they could have the freedom of their individualities as an honorable thing. By the time they were of an age to do so, almost all schools of any repute, public and private, had become "progressive" in various degrees of outward form. It was a long time before I realized how far the spirit had departed from those forms. Whatever the reasons—whether partly a reaction from the ridicule engendered by the early excesses of "self-expression," plus, as probably, those deeper anxiety reactions, spiritual and political, which are generally identifiable as "pressure of our times"—they need no explication here.

Whatever the case, it was clear—sometimes painfully, sometimes amusingly so—that the schools were now no longer behind the rest of the world but ahead of it, in regarding the uniqueness of an individual not as something partly precious and to be developed but

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rather as a psychological wound, a "difference" that needed to be erased. It was clear that, whatever one was grouping with, in, or toward, it was this that was being grouped *against*.

Being Good by Gathering

Now if someone wants to stop me right here to say that this is not what "they" mean by grouping, I must reply that although I am somewhat confused as to what "they" do mean, I do not think I am as confused as they. Certainly from some of the language on those report cards and evaluations, and from some of what one gets from "talking to teacher" or from reading his Ph.D. thesis, grouping no longer means anything so simple as soccer teams and social clubs, or just plain "getting along with people."

I'm pretty sensitive to language, and I can tell when grouping no longer has to be *for* something, but has a *Drang* to it far above the sum of its parts. If it once meant getting along with some of the people some of the time, it now veers dangerously nearer getting along with all of the people all of the time.

Maybe once, when the morning stars first sang to each other at Teachers College, it was a recognition of the fact that people helped both themselves and the world by gathering together to do good, but it has long since changed into the idea of being good just by gathering. It has a kind of tribal, ethnic feel to it now, something like a party of anthropologists reading aloud to each other in a medieval guildhall after three whiskey sours, everybody articulating clearly and in unison, in a distinct aura of the world and themselves being the better for the experience.

You and I have both long since been trained to know what the group is—there's no need to quibble. A group is where you can escape being a member of the lonely crowd by joining up to learn to square-dance or to help the U.N., it doesn't matter which. A group is where, just by being there, you are psychologically healthier and socially more significant than when you are alone.

Vocal Nonwithdrawal

For students—let's say anyone old enough to have his articulacy considered seriously – grouping goes something like this. First, there is a question of how far grouping requires one's actual presence—like most things in life it can sometimes be faked or cribbed. There is a certain suggestion (not from "them," from me) that if one is careful to enunciate attitudes that are group-minded, one can escape the onus of being anti, out of step, or, that worst of all offenders, a solitary. The student who is careful to join a few committees (and these should be of the outgoing kind, i.e., for the good of the school, the nation, or the world, the kind that either make you move around or sound off a bit, and don't involve anything too sedentary like chess, stamps, or, worst of all, books), who

is careful to be vocal there and to some extent in class, can, with good luck, conceal the dreadful truth that what he may like best is to play the flute on a parapet to a possible audience of one.

He must above all costs be vocal, because, in the cant of these educators, to be "articulate" means only to be verbal—and in company, and out loud. To be articulate with the pen, the hands, the brush, the brain, is laudable, but not the same thing at all. The great articulacies of the Sistine ceiling, the Brandenburg Concertos, even *King Lear*, would not help their authors to score high in their group ratings, being after all only indirect communications, and, like so much of the world's accomplishment, the product of private parturition, born mostly in silence and in some agony. There is a distinct impression that even all that sort of thing would be healthier if it could be done together.

THE CURIOUS THING is that much of this jargon emanates even from those schools whose catalogues emphasize the "creative," and where the teaching level in the arts, both literary and plastic, may be high—curious until you remember that it is in such schools that the faculty is likely to be most sensible of the classic concepts of psychiatry, though not sensitive enough to leave these in the hands of the professionals.

Thus the knowledge that "withdrawal" is a sign of mental illness turns subtly into an uneasy insistence that maybe everybody better keep on talking, even if what they say is kinda stupid. In line with this thinking, the student, when he is encouraged to group, is quietly guided to do so *away* from the bent of his natural inclinations, since "withdrawal" begins to mean doing too much of any one thing. Even the footballer earns praise if he groups in arts and crafts a little, and the boy whose bent is artistic will, if he knows his onions and wants to be thought to have all his buttons, do a little earnest and obvious grouping on the field trip to study labor unions, or on the committee to clean the school barn.

Therefore only the most unenlightened school, or one where the intelligence standard is admittedly low, can afford to yell openly and unself-consciously about *concentrating*. The others, by their misuse of a classic concept, have maneuvered themselves into a syllogism equally classic: "People who are batty tend to concentrate too much and to stay away from others. Therefore, if you concentrate too much in your own company, you are batty."

A Change of Cants

Actually, inability to concentrate is a dark sign of inner trouble, and dignified endurance of one's own company one of the components of mental health. Grouping *is* healthy, but not healthier than anything. And a great part of the world's good work has to be done without it. But meanwhile, the preparatory

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

schools and a good many of the colleges keep working toward their fond ideal of the compleat (this means pluralized now, not various within oneself) man—the diversified (this now means dispersed), the well-rounded (this means abraded by others of similar shape), osmotically joined grouper. Far away, sometimes in one of the universities, one hears a faint, bleating cry for more incompleat students, the kind who are unamoebically sure of their own cellular walls – the kind who used to be able to sit concavely for hours in a small room with one chair. Sometimes, even farther away, out in the great world of the graduated—which is no luminous void but crowded as hell—one hears the bleating of the student himself.

So now do you recognize where we are, dear teacher? We're out of the tunnel of love, not far from where we were twenty-five years before. Twenty-five years ago, you had just sat down on your new, experimental sand pile to finger-paint with your toes; you were declaring that teachers were going to rear a nation of individuals. And here you are again, back there where you were before you started all that, back there with dear old Rugby, yelling "Team!" Right while you've been talking, the pendulum has swung again and hit you in your blue-jeaned rear. You never did a thing really, except go upstairs and change your cants.

I'VE NO ADVICE from where I sit (in a posture chair—I was out grouping last night, and I'm a little bit stiff from it), except to suggest to you—grouping being known to make people highly suggestible—that you find yourselves in a position not unlike that of those undergraduates in *Zuleika Dobson* who, massed on the river bank in their unrequited love of Zuleika, saw no way out but the gesture en masse, and joining hands, jumped into the tide.

Zuleika went on to another school. But I and my children can't do that. You've all been so cleverly consanguineous that there seem to *be* no other schools.

So, perhaps I'll join you in your dive. Yes, let's; let's do it together. You come too. And bring a friend.

A Few False Notes At Newport

ROGER MAREN

EARLIER THIS SUMMER, the second annual Jazz Festival was held at Newport, Rhode Island, in an atmosphere resembling Tanglewood's or Salzburg's. One heard almost no shouting, stomping, or cries of "Go, man, go!" and most of the eight thousand attending each of the three evening concerts seemed not only to enjoy themselves but to take the whole affair quite seriously. This must have pleased the founders and backers of the enterprise, Mr. and

Mrs. Pierre Lorillard, who feel that jazz should have a wide and serious acceptance. A jazz festival, they thought, would dignify the art and constitute an important piece of cultural pioneering.

Rhode Island's venerable senior Senator, Theodore Green, opened the proceedings with a speech in which he called Newport the cradle of the recognition of jazz. But no artistic enterprise in this country achieves an attendance such as that at Newport unless it is already accepted and recognized. Periodicals like *Good Housekeeping, Woman's Home Companion, Time, Life, Newsweek*, and the *Saturday Review* have been accepting jazz for some time, and so have their readers. Disk jockeys have been playing more jazz and their patter has become increasingly cultivated. Finally, the emergence of serious jazz scholarship constitutes an academic seal of approval —at a time when jazz itself has taken over some academic attributes.

So the Newport Jazz Festival is not really the cradle of anything. Indeed, it is riding the crest of a wave that is spreading jazz from the dives to the concert hall and the learned groves. Although the advantage of this to the public is not yet clear, the advantage to those involved is. In the entertainment business, better financial conditions may arise for both entrepreneur and musician. For scholars, another field opens in which to claim foundation subsidies. The Newport Festival itself is a nonprofit organization whose profits go to "jazz in general." Jazz archives, a school, and a retreat for musicians are planned; a thousand dollars has already been presented to the Institute of Jazz Studies.

The Jazz Scholars

The mention of scholars in the jazz field may surprise some readers. There are not many such, but the trend toward making jazz an academic subject is definitely established. There are, or have been, courses in jazz history at Boston University, the New School, New York University, Texas Agricultural College, Carleton College, and the University of Southern California.

The Institute of Jazz Studies is directed by Marshall Stearns, Professor of Medieval Literature at Hunter College. It has not been going long, but it has already acquired for its library a complete bound set of *Downbeat*, and it hopes to purchase a lignum vitae statue of the late saxophonist Charlie Parker.

Such benefits to the academic community and to the general cultural level of our country are quite new. In the past, the study of jazz was only a byroad in the general study of American folklore. Jazz itself was interesting primarily in its more primitive forms – those closest to rural

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Afro-American folk music. The newer jazz scholarship, however, also concerns itself with the popular music of today. So it was not surprising to find a panel of scholars at the Fes-

tival. Mr. Stearns was there along with Richard Waterman (an anthropologist), Norman Margolis (a psychiatrist), Henry Cowell (a composer and musicologist), and Eric Larrabee (an editor of *Harper's*). The panel was moderated by Father Norman O'Connor, who is a disk jockey as well as a priest. Mr. Waterman spoke on African music; Mr. Cowell was amusing about almost every kind of music known to the musicologist; Mr. Larrabee was urbanely critical; and Mr. Stearns compared Bessie Smith to the Wife of Bath. Except for Dr. Margolis, who talked about jazz as the music of protest, the panelists discussed their subject lightly but seriously, as a thing in itself rather than as a cultural symptom, and Father O'Connor kept repeating that jazz was an art form.

Traditionalists and Modernists

Actually, such discussion had little justification if it was meant to be taken as comment on the music played during the three Festival evenings. Except as a sociological phenomenon, it simply did not warrant being taken very seriously. It was a good sample of what is currently offered the American consumer as jazz on phonograph records, in concerts, on the radio, and in night clubs. Such music may be very roughly divided into two schools—the modern and the traditional. The schools are linked by the fact that both their styles are rooted in the rhythmic and melodic manner of twentieth-century American dance music, which in turn is strongly influenced by Afro-American folk music. From this basic root the styles diverge.

Although the traditionalist school has many subdivisions that include such diverse elements as the slick, highly integrated music of the Count Basie band, the rather free-for-all, rough polyphony of groups associated with Pee Wee Russell, and the early New Orleans-influenced jazz of Louis Armstrong, there are basic affinities among them. Most of their tunes are based on the blues or on traditional folklike melodies. The harmonic scheme is simple and obvious, having close connections with barbershop harmony. The improvisation is also rather simple, tries to give an immediate emotional "kick," and rarely tries to be novel. The musicians are rarely pretentious and

generally regard themselves as entertainers working in an accepted medium. Their music seems to be very little affected by developments in serious concert music since 1900, and the players are usually unschooled.

The modern wing is also quite diverse and includes big raucous precision ensembles like the Stan Kenton band, intimate torch singers like Teddi King, impish cocktail-hour pianists like Erroll Garner, and wilting trumpeters like Chet Baker. With a few notable exceptions (the Modern Jazz Quartet and players associated with Teddy Charles and Charlie Mingus), these groups use material based on relatively modern popular songs.

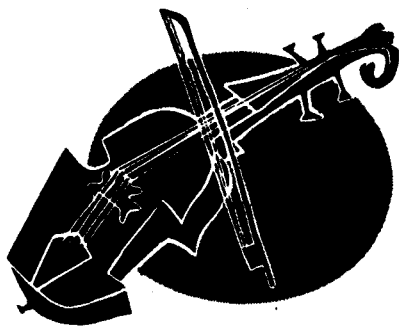
The tunes and harmonies of these songs are heavily influenced by late-romantic concert music and the work of Debussy. Their harmonic structure, though simple, employs highly colored chords which tend to slither quickly from one to the other, and most modern jazz players alter these chords frequently in attempts to achieve the high-tension effect of the "ultramodern" music of the 1920's and 1930's (Hindemith, Schoenberg, Bartók, etc.)—so frequently that the simple major and minor triads concluding a few Modern Jazz Quartet compositions strike the ear as special effects.

Here the improvisation tends to sound complex and ingenious, as it often is. The rich chords employed can, however, easily mask a lack of control. (Many modern jazz groups use thirteenth chords, for example. Since such chords include—theoretically—all the notes in a scale, a bewildered improviser has a rather good chance to be with the correct harmony no matter how lost he gets.) The rhythm often gives the total impression of a spinning top.

Some "modern" groups are extremely pretentious. One of them announces a composition as "in fugue form with the episodes improvised." Players often give the impression that they are members of a metaphysical cult rather than simply entertainers. Their playing is often deliberately unaffecting and "private." They are much impressed by the effects of modern counterpoint, and many of them have had considerable academic training.

Emphasis on Virtuosity

It can be seen that neither school starts out with materials of much value. Unlike a Mozart sonata or, say, a quartet by Bartók, jazz music



cannot embody much aesthetic worth when played by second- or third-rate musicians. The Mozart and Bartók pieces are skillfully,

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

often profoundly, worked out by the composer from beginning to end. Since his conception is clearly set forth in the score, much of it comes through even when an amateur merely plunks the right notes. Most jazz pieces, by contrast, are not the carefully worked out designs of a composer. Ordinarily, their only composed and notated section is a short chorus of thirty-two bars, which begins the piece. Next comes a string of improvisations invented

on the spot by the soloists as they play over the chords of the chorus. The piece ends with a reiteration of the opening thirty-two bars.

Given the usual banality of the chorus, it is clear that the value of a jazz piece depends on the virtuosity and musicianship of the soloists during the improvisations. Not only must they invent interesting and exciting patterns measure by measure; in order to achieve unity of form, they must integrate their ideas with those of the other players. When this is done, the result can be thrilling. Witness the work of Louis Armstrong, Jo Jones, Max Roach, Charlie Mingus, Lester Young, Sidney Bechet, Charlie Parker, or Jay Jay Johnson. Such men are rare, however, and there is more and more talk about completely "written out" jazz.

IF JAZZ MUSIC had some function other than simply giving delight and artistic stimulation, its basic thinness would not matter so much. Traditional jazz, of course, did have another function: It was dance music or background for parties and other social gatherings. Today this role is being filled by a primitive, high-tension outgrowth of traditional jazz—rock-and-roll music.

The old-style traditional jazz, as exemplified by Louis Armstrong, is on the wane. (Barely a quarter of the music at Newport was of this kind.) Waxing, however, is the modern or progressive style, which is merely a light music with infectious jazz beat and inflection.

High-flown Verbiage

No wonder, then, that the modern jazz players look hopefully to the concert hall or to the "dignified" jazz night club, a small concert room with a bar. If they can sustain the interest of an audience that has nothing to do but listen, so much the better. Yet some of them, or their publicity men, are smothering the whole operation under high-flown verbiage. There are record albums entitled "Annotations of the Muses," "Badinage," and "Innovations in Modern Music." Single compositions have titles like "Theolonius Epistrophy," "Euphoria," "Cyclotron," "Fugetta," and "Futurity." (Fortunately there is some spoofing in titles like "Marakeesh Freffie" and "The Sweetheart of Sigmund Freud.") There is much talk of counterpoint and "extended tonality." Great masters from Sweelinck through Bach and Mozart to Varese are cited. The latest rage in record-sleeve design is the employment of all the clichés of the early twentieth century, from Bauhaus to surrealism.

The typography and design of the Newport Festival program and souvenir booklet also echoed the experimental art of the 1920's. The word "semantic" was used so many times at the Festival with so many odd meanings that it took on a new semantic value.

Polyphoniess

Present educational facilities, including radio, TV, magazines, and newspapers, have by now helped create a large minority of some exposure to culture and with serious aspirations concerning it. Business has found culture to be a hot item. One sees advertising that hints that a lack of culture (to be remedied by the advertiser in various quick and painless ways) is as reprehensible as the lack of a new-model car.

It is not surprising, then, to find that the music business has wrapped one of its popular products in a highly cultural package. The audience can now enjoy it without being

JUST PUBLISHED

The incredible story of a restless, agitated personality, beset by dreams of immortality, inordinate ambition and monumental egoism.

The Case History of Sigmund Freud

A Psycho-biography

By MAURICE NATENBERG

Decide for yourself whether Freud was gifted with the power of psychic divination or was misled by his own illusions; whether his sexual dogma was scientifically sound or only the product of his obsessions; whether a disturbed mind can understand disturbances of the mind. The facts are available for an independent judgment in this unusual book that once and for all explodes the fantastic pretensions of psychoanalysis.

Price $3.95

By

THE SAME AUTHOR:

Freudian Psycho-Antics

Fact and Fraud in Psychoanalysis.

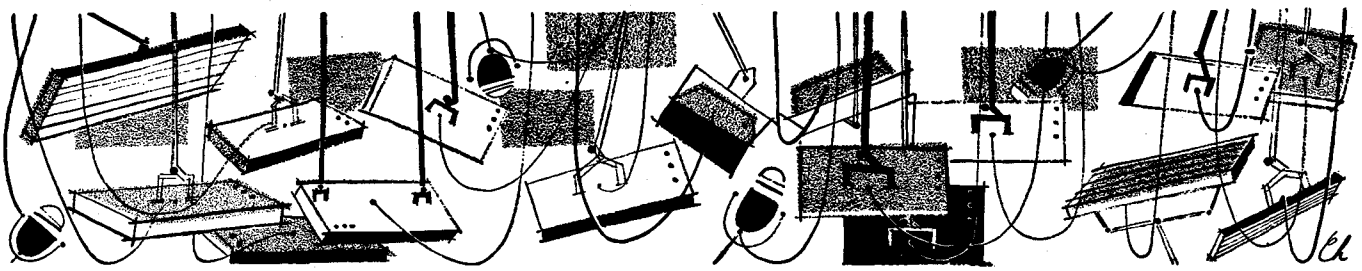
$2.00

At all bookstores.

REGENT HOUSE

4554 Broadway, Chicago 40, Illinois

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



caught unabashedly lowbrow. Young people can feel learned while getting their kicks. Culture snobs can take university courses, listen to professors at Newport, or read the "serious jazz critics" without involving themselves in any greater demands on the mind and spirit than are ordinarily made by a jukebox. The audience impressed by big words does not seem to realize that the aimless wandering of a baby's hands on the piano will produce *atonality,* that *counterpoint* is formed when two cats meow together, that *polytonality* (as well as counterpoint) can be achieved if any two tunes are sung together each in a different key, and that *vertical-horizontal structure* is unavoidable in any music other than unaccompanied melody.

When critics use such technical nomenclature not only to mask their own ignorance but to imply the existence of profundity, virtuosity, or serious experiment in the music, their work can be very intimidating. Such writing helps create the kind of listener who, hearing nothing extraordinary in the work of Dave Brubeck, is afraid to admit it since all the world knows Brubeck plays "counterpoint" and has studied with Darius Milhaud.

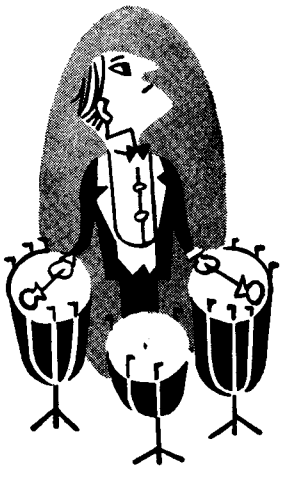
In spite of this, one should not castigate the musicians themselves indiscriminately. Many are competent workers, some are extremely talented, but all are in the business for a living. In order to eat, they must play along, get out, or work part time. Many of the more sincere among them do the latter. They have a healthy contempt for sham and try to do the best they can within the limits of show business. Some simply strive toward a better, more satisfying popular music; others attempt a more serious kind within the jazz framework. In either case, the result is like an oasis in the desert. Unfortunately, the general aridity at Newport was only infrequently relieved.

The High Spots

One such moment, however, deserves mention. After a panel discussion by critics and musicians, held outdoors on a Sunday afternoon, about an hour's worth of music was played by Art Farmer (trumpet), John Laporta (clarinet), Britt Woodman (trombone), Mal Waldon (piano), Charlie Mingus (bass), and Ted Macero (tenor sax). Some of these men are sensitive virtuosi, but that is barely half their merit. More importantly, they understand artistic necessity. Unlike many jazz musicians who imitate the *effects* of contemporary "serious music," these men are concerned with its *compositional processes.* This approach makes possible long melodic lines and coherent structures of composed music. The improvised sections can easily break down, of course, since they depend almost entirely on the ability of the player at the moment. It is also this approach that divests of trickiness or pretension any of their more startling sounds, which result from the logic of composition.

True, the music is still derivative. One finds touches of Berg, Webern, Ives, and Ruggles everywhere in it, and one piece repeats over and over a theme from Stravinsky's "Firebird." But this is hardly a drawback, considering the stature of the models. Furthermore, the music is not imitation. Nor is it like "symphonic jazz," or the work of some symphonic composers who incorporate jazz elements. It employs only the structural methods of "serious music"; it is idiomatic jazz. The intonation, phrasing, and rhythm are inherently jazz, and improvisation is essential to the whole conception.

The playing of these men at Newport was one of the few things to make one realize that jazz did not die in its cradle. The other moments of life came when a few honest virtuoso entertainers whipped up an exciting, driving, infectious jazz atmosphere. At such moments even the academy was forgotten as scholars and professors clapped their hands and tapped their toes.



PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Dr. Hachiya At Hiroshima

GOUVERNEUR PAULDING

HIROSHIMA DIARY. THE JOURNAL OF A JAPANESE PHYSICIAN: AUGUST 6—SEPTEMBER 30, 1945, by Michihiko Hachiya, M.D. Translated and edited by Warner Wells, M.D. *University of North Carolina Press. $3.50.*

Ten years ago on the morning of August 6 the sky was clear and beautiful over Hiroshima. Once that place name has been set down there is no need to add anything. We dropped the atom bomb. We remember. When we remember there is turmoil in our mind and conscience. We justify or we regret—and always we fear.

The author of this book is not concerned with our anxieties as to the future, our regret or justification of the past. He leaves it to the reader to determine what correlation there may be between the "adversity," as he calls it, we brought upon Hiroshima and the immeasurably greater adversity mankind now dreads.

A Bright Flash

When the bomb fell Dr. Hachiya was badly wounded, but that is not quite the way to say it, for he did not know that a bomb had fallen; he was aware only of a bright flash of light, that his house was collapsing, that he was pulling a piece of broken glass from his throat, that the flesh had been torn from one thigh, and that he was stark naked: ". . . although I did not feel the least bit of shame, I was disturbed to realize that modesty had deserted me." With his wife he made his way, but not all the way, to the hospital of which he was the director. He came upon a soldier standing with a towel slung over his shoulder. He asked for the towel to use as a loincloth and the soldier gave it to him but did not say a word. On that day no one said anything. He lost the towel and his wife gave him her apron. Before he reached the hospital he fainted.

The hospital was in ruins and on fire, but the concrete walls held. Its medical equipment was mostly ruined. There was, of course, no electric light for operations. Immediately the hospital, charred and bare, was filled, and of course this does not mean that only the beds were filled; it means that the dying and the dead lay in filth in the rooms, the corridors, the entrances, and out of doors. They carried the dead out when they could, cremating them on makeshift pyres. When they looked up from their task over the flat expanse of the ruined city they saw other pyres where humble flames completed, and in a way erased, the work of atomic fire. The stench was all-pervasive. Dr. Hachiya bowed to the dead. He regretted the absence of priests and fitting ceremonial.

His duty was to the living. Despite his physical weakness as the result of his wounds, and his instinctive desire to flee the dead city with his wife, he accepted this duty. That is why Dr. Hachiya's diary is so proud a testimonial to man's courage in adversity.

What Was It?

Dr. Hachiya lived up to the high ideal of his profession. He had a scientific mind and he was a trained observer. He kept this journal in order not to lose sight of any detail and have each observation in its proper time sequence. Since he was selfless and compassionate, the diary reflects less what happened to him than all he witnessed of other people's suffering and devotion. Like John Hersey, he questioned many survivors and he gives a vivid picture of the catastrophe. Unlike John Hersey, he could not know what caused it. The survivors he talked to did not know. The patients in his hospital did not know what they were dying of. Dr. Hachiya could not tell them, could not cure them. Obsessed with scientific curiosity and human pity, he could only observe the never previously observed symptoms of an affliction that brought

DORMIPHONE

A Great Scientific Discovery

YESTERDAY– SCIENCE FICTION
TODAY – ASTOUNDING REALITY!

A Revolutionary Invention for Faster Learning

Would you like to increase your rate of learning 20% to 50% by making use of periods of relaxation and sleep? Now it is easy to master a new language, improve your speech, memorize a role in a play, learn useful facts and figures with less time, less effort.

Invention of an ingenious device, DORMIPHONE, by Max Sherover, president of the famous Linguaphone Institute, turned an age-old theory into fact and opened up a new and fascinating avenue of scientific exploration. This new science, called Dormiphonics, is used by educators and psychologists in University laboratories around the world. Their experiments indicate that all of us may soon be able to get an education while we sleep.

VITAL TO EVERY HUMAN BEING

Scientific experiments have demonstrated that the part of your sleeping brain which stays awake, hears and remembers iterated speech during sleep —that anything to be memorized can be mastered in less time with the aid of DORMIPHONE.

FIND OUT ABOUT DORMIPHONE

DORMIPHONE has freed scientists from guesswork in the study of sleep. Years of primary research have gone into the soporific principle on which the device is based. Now it is ready to turn one-third of your life you waste sleeping into useful learning time.

SEND COUPON FOR FREE BOOKLET

Investigate DORMIPHONE at once. Call for FREE DEMONSTRATION or write for FREE booklet on Dormiphonics by Max Sherover. Get the background, the facts, the evidence, the fascinating potentialities of this revolutionary development.

DORMIPHONE
MODERNOPHONE, INC.
164-095 Radio City, N. Y. 20, N. Y.

MODERNOPHONE, INC. (Dormiphone Div.)
164-095 Radio City, N. Y. 20, N. Y.
Gentlemen: Send me your FREE Booklet. I am interested in learning more about DORMIPHONE and what it will do for me.
☐ If under 18, check here for Special Booklet A.
Name_____
Address_____
City_____ Zone____ State_____
My main interest in Dormiphonics is for
☐ Learning a Language ☐ Speech Improvement
☐ Memorization ☐ Sleep Inducement

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the sufferers unpredictably to recovery or to death.

The extraordinarily moving aspect of his search lies in the fact that, at first, neither symptoms nor circumstances formed any pattern. Severely burned men and women recovered. People who seemed unharmed sickened and died. Why? Only observation could tell.

DR. HACHIYA made his observations —under conditions which only medical words can acceptably describe. The patients defecated and urinated where they lay; pus issued from the raw flesh; the flies were so thick they formed mounds; vomiting and bloody diarrhea were constant; cold rain blew through the shattered windows. The first valuable clue came from the observed hemorrhage under the skin. Then autopsy showed that spots developed not only on the body surface but in the internal organs, in every organ of every body autopsied. Soon Dr. Hachiya established a relationship between the white blood count and the distance from the hypocenter at which the patient had been exposed. The nearer the hypocenter, the lower the blood count. He found abnormalities in the red corpuscles, a decrease in blood platelets. Step by step the diagnosis of the unknown proceeded until it formed the recognizable pattern of radiation. Bloody all this, improvised, and performed under circumstances of most cruel irony, yet here, recognizably, is also the physician at work who cures.

Dr. Hachiya kept his sanity and perhaps it was his scientific passion that preserved it, but perhaps it was something deeper than that. He never lost his self-control in the presence of death; he lost it only once—when the child of a dead patient was carried away to safety in a nursing home outside the city. Then he wept—from happiness that life would continue. And he was a Japanese patriot, humiliated by defeat, devoted to his emperor. He was proud that men had been found brave enough to rush through fire to save the emperor's portrait in a public building, and that when they were bearing it through the ruins, dazed and dying men made way for them and bowed in respect. When all was over and the Americans had entered the city, an officer asked Dr. Hachiya what his thoughts were about the bombing. "'I am a Buddhist,'" he replied, "'and since childhood have been taught to be resigned in the face of adversity.'"

The Beautiful Sky

There is only one passage in this diary that could possibly be called rhetoric—but one can be grateful for it. Dr. Hachiya had been talking to a man who saw the explosion from some distance outside the city. Outside the city, the man said, the sky was a beautiful, golden yellow. Then Dr. Hachiya adds: "Many people had described a big, puffy cloud, rising like a mushroom, or an angry, puffy cloud which went up and assumed the form of a mushroom with black smoke covering the sky, but until I talked with Mr. Hashimoto I had no idea what the sky around the cloud was like. I had, of course, heard people say the sky was beautiful, especially those who were as far away as Fuchu . . . but it was now, for the first time, that I could picture the cloud sharply defined against a clear blue August sky. It was at the moment of the birth of this cloud, with its ever-changing color, that Hiroshima . . . disappeared with her good citizens into the beautiful sky."

Huxley: The Infant In the Powerhouse

SIDNEY ALEXANDER

THE GENIUS AND THE GODDESS, by Aldous Huxley. *Harper. $2.75.*

The phases of Aldous Huxley, like those of the moon, are luminous dialogues between the powers of light and the powers of darkness. Darkness is human bondage, the flesh; light is nonattachment, an apprehension of the Highest Common Denominator, the metaphysical Ground. Over a long and prolific writing career Huxley has stressed first one and then the other of these terms: sense and spirit, flesh and soul—back and forth his erudite, witty, and abstract mind has shuttled as if between two ancestors: his Darwinian grandfather, T. H. Huxley, and his pedagogical great-grandfather, Dr. Thomas Arnold.

Although the author is much a child of this century, his central concern has been a Victorian one —the relative claims of science and religion. Like another famous kinsman, he has been at Dover Beach reflecting on the waning and the waxing of the sea of faith. Nor is he a pasteboard moon either; the quality of his intelligence is spherical. In the light we are always aware of the dark; ape and essence are ironically and agonizingly yoked.

Huxley's latest novel continues the dialogue. But there is a difference in tonality that, to the best of my knowledge, sets this slight and neatly wrought tale off from all the other conversation pieces. We are still on the quest; we are still trying to find meaning in a Brave New World of monkey monsters, hydrogen bombs, and lovers blissfully sweating palm to palm. But into this brittle, cerebrally glittering universe of Huxley something tremulous, humble, and human has crept —as if an infant had wandered into a powerhouse.

Diabolic Science, Beatific Love

In terms of novel writing *The Genius and the Goddess* must be considered a minor work by comparison with the cunning montage of *Point Counter Point* or *Those Barren Leaves* or the comic energy of *Antic Hay*. Lovely and fluent though the prose texture may be, brilliant with familiar patches of paradox, irony, and aphorism, the tale is told rather than evoked, reflected upon rather than lived, and the characters are more ideal than individual. Huxley has been after transcendence of personality for a long time, and he thinks he has

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

found it for the most part in Hindu and Chinese philosophy and religion. Might this not be one important reason why the Orient has failed to develop that most personal of arts—the novel? What is more perilous than for a novelist to deprive his characters of their uniqueness? And only a tired Huxley would kill off his goddess so conveniently in an auto accident—a *dea ex Cadillac,* one is tempted to say.

The story is simple, almost classical in its proportions. The traditional triangle: old husband, young wife, young lover. Two children have been thrown in, with a subtheme of an adolescent girl's love for her mother's lover, but this doesn't matter. Indeed, the whole French-farce situation is so ridden with cliché that the novelist is released to deal with what genuinely concerns him: diabolic science and beatific love. The clockwork monster this time is named Henry Maartens, Nobel Prize atomic physicist, a man with enough intellectual equipment for six men, but withal "the psychological equivalent of a fetus." He represents the inorganic mind, the abstract tendency that must lead to war and destruction. Yet the Henry Maartens who has read all the books on child psychology and yet cannot establish a living relationship with his own children—the Henry Maartens with the immense learning in the head and pornography in the safe—really doesn't interest us. Huxley has demolished him too many times before.

Road of Sensuality

Who does interest us is Katy. For Katy, the goddess, the incredibly lovely young wife of the half-insane genius, is something new, I think, in Huxley's portrait gallery. She is new less for what she is herself than for the author's attitude toward her. She is one of those perfect females who exist only in fiction, lovely evidence of the dreams of male authors. But whereas the earlier Huxley would have mocked at his own adoration, this Huxley does not. What is new in this novel is the complete absence of irony in the treatment of love.

And what opportunities for irony there are! For the love affair between Katy and her husband's research assistant, a minister's son, twenty-eight years old and innocent, occurs just after the death of Katy's mother and while her husband is seemingly on his deathbed. At such a moment, temporarily broken, the goddess instinctively does what she must—she finds her way ". . . home to Olympus by the road of sensuality." The young man's passage on that road (in the telling he is sixty, Huxley's age, looking back through the wrong end of a telescope) is described in terms of pentecosts, visitations, doves descending. What has happened to the zoology? What has transformed Huxley's lifelong trance of fascinated horror before the fact of love into this sob of adoration?

Of course, the young man is tormented by the woodpeckers of remorse. "In silence, an act is an act is an act. Verbalized and discussed, it becomes an ethical problem, a *casus belli,* the source of a neurosis. . . . Goddesses are all of one piece. There's no internal conflict in them. Whereas the lives of people like you and me are one long argument. . . . The point . . . was her experience of the creative otherness of love and sleep. The point was finding herself once again in a state of grace."

Animal grace—that is Katy. By love she is made whole again, and of her wholeness her husband survives. That the love is one which society considers illicit, that the genius's survival rests upon a shaky reed of ethics—this might appear familiar Huxleyan irony. But there is scarcely a trace of the old flippancy. Now, beneath the irony, the agony: All of Huxley's champagne talk, some forty frothy volumes' worth, has been leading to this. An act is an act is an act. And let's keep our traps shut.

Enfant Vulnerable

In other words, we are back in the bosky intuitional mysterylands of D. H. Lawrence. For a long time that Messiah of Impulse exercised a powerful gravitational pull upon Aldous Huxley. The juxtaposition of Mark Rampion against Lucy Tantamount in *Point Counter Point* was the Whole Man against the Part Man, Being versus Equal To. But Huxley turned against Lawrence's

BOOK MANUSCRIPTS INVITED

Looking for a publisher? Learn how we can publish, promote and distribute your book, as we have done for hundreds of others. All subjects considered. New writers welcomed. Author satisfaction has made Vantage the nation's seventh largest publisher. Write today for booklet R. It's free.

Vantage Press, Inc., 120 W. 31 St., N. Y.
In Calif.: 6253 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood 28
In Wash., D. C.: 1010 Vermont Ave., N.W.

BOOK PUBLICATION

is a complex process involving many skills, imagination, understanding. If you have a manuscript—on any subject—write to us or send it directly. There is no obligation on your part, and you will have prompt attention by cooperative publishers who know their business.

THE AMERICAN PRESS
Atten: Mr. Butler, 489 Fifth Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

YOU CAN PUBLISH YOUR BOOK

Almost 2000 authors—most of them new—have had their books published, promoted and distributed through our unique plan. No matter what type of book you've written—fiction, poetry, biography, religious—we can help you. Send for our free illustrated brochure, "We Can Publish Your Book".

EXPOSITION PRESS | Dept. R-58
386 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, NEW YORK
IN CALIFORNIA: 9172 SUNSET BLVD., HOLLYWOOD 46

To New Authors

We will publish, promote, and distribute your book. We are among the largest leading publishers in the U.S. Our plan insures prompt publication. Manuscript reports submitted in one week. No obligation.
Send for Brochure KE

Pageant Press, 130 W. 42nd St., N. Y.

TALENT GOING TO WASTE?

Are you a talented but unknown writer who is having a hard time finding a publisher. We want your book! We will edit, design, print, bind, promote, advertise and **sell** your book. Our subsidies are low, your royalties are high. Write for free booklet, Dept. RP-95.

COMET PRESS BOOKS, 11 W. 42 St., N.Y.C.

Everybody Benefits

Everybody Gives

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

religion of sex; by the middle 1940's the flesh had become Ape and the task was to rise by meditative exercises to the apprehension of Essence.

But now, one hazards the guess, Huxley is not so certain that the flesh is Ape. With what warmth does he write of his Katy, of her immersion in animal being! She is the most embodied (as one might expect) person in this curiously abstract novel. She is Nature, an "isness," and "Some of her isness spills over and impregnates the entire universe." Goethe was mistaken; all that passes is not a symbol. "At every instant every transcience is eternally that transcience. What it signifies is its own being. . . ."

In other passages the author is at pains to remind us that animal grace is only one of three paths, all equally valid, all "aspects of the same underlying mystery." For there is also spiritual grace, the Clear Light of the Void, and there is human grace—the divine made human, "what St. Paul called 'Christ' . . . ideally all of us should be open to all of them. And yet . . . a third of a loaf is better than no bread."

It is easy to be scornful. But I find a humility here, a tenderness in this late Huxley that was entirely absent in the *enfant terrible* of the 1920's or in the West Coast mystic of recent years. Huxley's mysticism was never convincing on several counts. For one thing there was the gritted-teeth intellectualism of its approach. Love toward the human, or toward the more-than-human, is a yielding, not a willing. Watching Huxley at his meditative exercises was like watching a spiritual athlete. We may have admired the discipline and the muscle flexing but we certainly were not stirred to emulation.

Secondly, there has always seemed to be an air of meretriciousness when westerners drink their deepest draughts from Oriental wells. One wonders how much of the cosmic jag results from the exoticism of the liquor. The Huxley residing in California with its Bahai temples and musical cemeteries and kidney-shaped swimming pools, the Huxley at the corner of Hollywood and Heard—somehow it was difficult not to wonder whether his flights into Nirvana weren't really rope tricks. Philosophy may be perennial, and the metaphysic Ground may know no East or West. Nevertheless an Englishman in a loincloth is ridiculous.

Now, for the moment at any rate, he is out of his loincloth. The *enfant terrible* has become the *enfant* vulnerable. Naked on the earth he lies and terribly defenseless. For the first time we feel that Aldous Huxley has not tried to be clever; for the first time he bows his head and is as mired as the rest of us in the human condition.

Book Notes

THE KAISER: A LIFE OF WILHELM II, LAST EMPEROR OF GERMANY, by Joachim von Kürenberg. Translated by H. T. Russell and Herta Hagen. With a Foreword, Notes, and Appendix by Quincy Howe. *Simon and Schuster. $5.00.*

When you remember Lloyd George, or Clemenceau, or Woodrow Wilson, it is like when you remember your grandfather: He may have worn funny clothes but he was not funny to your father and your father is not funny to you—although you may seem funny to your father—and there is no break. But other corpses plunge into oblivion as if they had millstones round their necks. No one remembers them and, when memory of them is forced upon one, it is as if they were the dead of some other and irremediably foreign planet. That is the effect produced by this book about the Kaiser. It is not simply that the angers are no more; it is that you cannot want to hang a man, or grant him a reprieve or even a new trial, when a chasm has opened between whatever reality he once possessed and the reality we live in. Even this official and friendly biography of the last German emperor, written by a Prussian nobleman, serves only to increase our sense of distance. It shows that long before 1914 the Kaiser had already traveled far from even the reality of his own times.

EPSTEIN: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY. *E. P. Dutton & Co. $6.00.*

When a small man cries out against his detractors, he is diminished. When an artist whose achievement is unquestionable answers his enemies, it is they who are made small. Much of this book deals with the correspondence, by letter and in the press, between those who wished to destroy Jacob Epstein and the embattled sculptor himself. Such tirades of abuse against creative power are not new.

More potent by far than Epstein's answering letters or his often absorbing account of his life and labor in England are the pictures of his work, triumphant heads and bodies in stone and bronze. They are answer enough.

THE PICNIC AT SAKKARA, by P. H. Newby. *Knopf. $1.25* (experimental paperback edition).

It is hard to persuade oneself that Mr. Perry, a British professor teaching at the Egyptian state university in Cairo, is not Alec Guinness playing a British professor teaching in Egypt. In this cosmic novel, the innocent Mr. Perry becomes involved with Egyptian nationalism, is befriended by a comic Pasha, is nearly murdered, and wins belated admiration and love from Mrs. Perry. The only trouble is that jokes about nationalism, no matter how witty, create—at this stage of world affairs—a slight but persistent feeling of embarrassment.

THE GREAT MAN, by Al Morgan. *E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.50.*

This is to the radio-TV world what *The Hucksters* was to Madison Avenue. Mr. Morgan's novel is written in a special language—"let's throw the script on the floor and walk around it"—and with that special kind of anger which involves so strange an urge toward self-abasement: You run everything down, but you never really go away. All this makes a ribald, fast-paced best-seller. And the book is often funny, as when the network, prevented from burying its Great Man from St. Patrick's—it is discovered that he was not a Catholic—finds that the Polo Grounds won't do either because the Giants are in that day. But of course neither the TV industry, nor any human endeavor anywhere, can be as bad as Al Morgan depicts.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

4 Times Honored

The Benjamin Franklin Magazine Award

to Dwight Macdonald, author of "The Lie-Detector Era," in THE REPORTER. A report on the use of the lie-detector on thousands of U. S. employees, among others.

The Benjamin Franklin Magazine Citation

to THE REPORTER, for "meritorious contribution in the field of public service" with its article, "Victim of Nameless Accusers," by Anthony Lewis, whose newspaper series on the same subject won the Pulitzer Prize. Mr. Lewis' article helped clear a Navy employee unjustly accused as a security risk.

The Benjamin Franklin Magazine Citation

to Theodore H. White, author of "Texas: Land of Wealth and Fear," in THE REPORTER. A report on Texas billionaires and their politics.

The Heywood Broun Award

to Anthony Lewis, for both his newspaper series and REPORTER article, "Victim of Nameless Accusers."

As a regular reader of THE REPORTER, you know that these articles, which received top journalistic honors this year, are typical of the kind of material you read year-round in THE REPORTER.

They are examples of the originality of approach, the superior writing and the thorough coverage that have made THE REPORTER the favorite magazine of people who want facts, not fancy, in their news reports.

This is why more and more people are turning to THE REPORTER for their basic information. Reading THE REPORTER they have the satisfaction of being really well-informed.

If you like reading THE REPORTER, your friends will enjoy it, too. And it costs so little to give when you take advantage of our special introductory rate:

The next 18 issues
for only $2.67

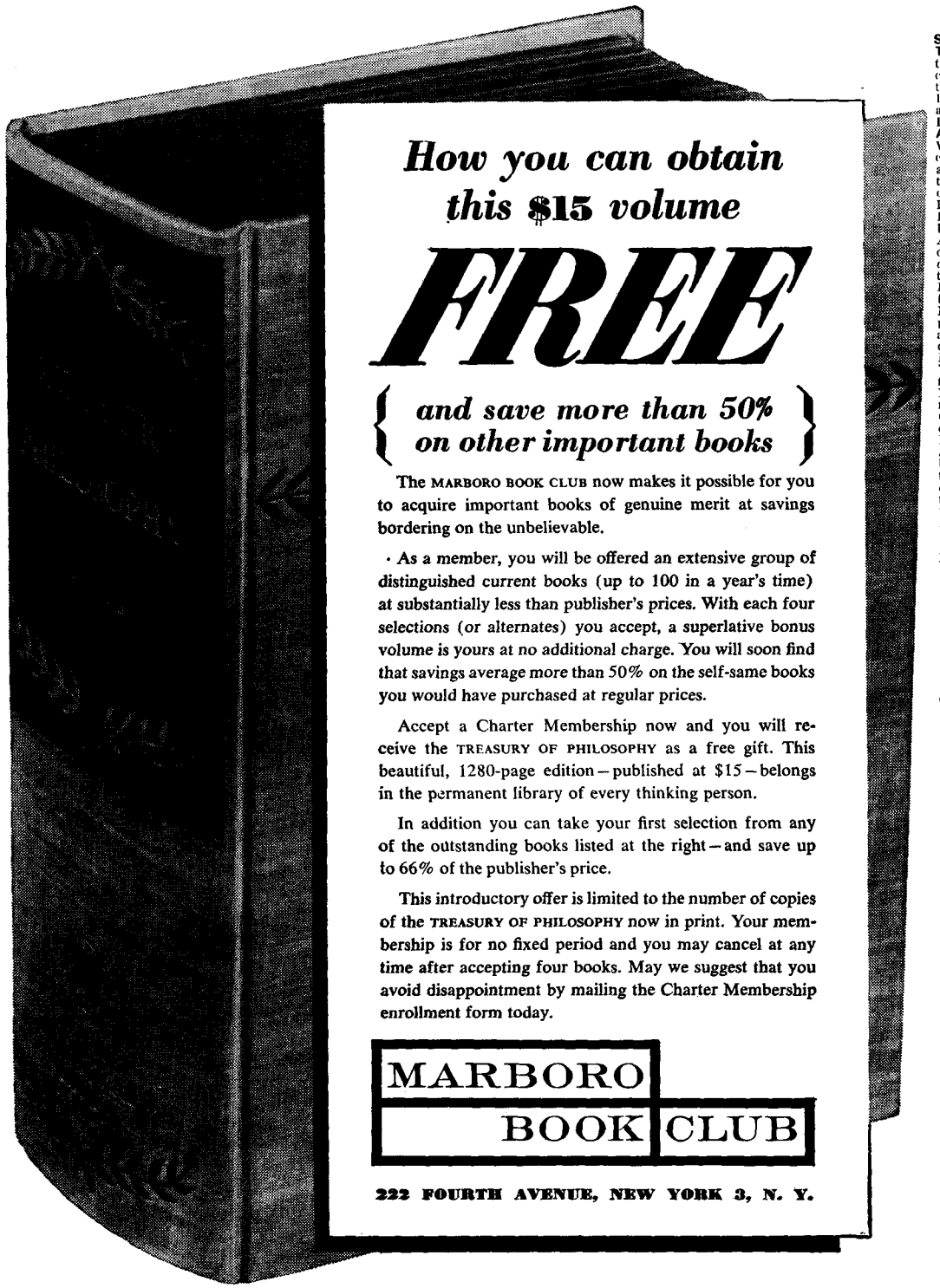
If you haven't yet subscribed to THE REPORTER, you may take advantage of this special offer, too. Your subscription—or your friends'—will begin as soon as we receive your order. So mail the card today. You need send no money; we will bill you later, if you prefer.

MAIL THE ATTACHED CARD TODAY

Regular rates: 1 year $5, 2 years $8, 3 years $10
Add $1 per year for Foreign Postage

136 East 57th Street, New York 22, N. Y.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



How you can obtain this $15 volume

FREE

{ and save more than 50% on other important books }

The MARBORO BOOK CLUB now makes it possible for you to acquire important books of genuine merit at savings bordering on the unbelievable.

As a member, you will be offered an extensive group of distinguished current books (up to 100 in a year's time) at substantially less than publisher's prices. With each four selections (or alternates) you accept, a superlative bonus volume is yours at no additional charge. You will soon find that savings average more than 50% on the self-same books you would have purchased at regular prices.

Accept a Charter Membership now and you will receive the TREASURY OF PHILOSOPHY as a free gift. This beautiful, 1280-page edition—published at $15—belongs in the permanent library of every thinking person.

In addition you can take your first selection from any of the outstanding books listed at the right—and save up to 66% of the publisher's price.

This introductory offer is limited to the number of copies of the TREASURY OF PHILOSOPHY now in print. Your membership is for no fixed period and you may cancel at any time after accepting four books. May we suggest that you avoid disappointment by mailing the Charter Membership enrollment form today.

MARBORO BOOK CLUB

222 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 3, N. Y.

Save 26% to 60% On Your First Selection

SHAKESPEARE WITHOUT TEARS. By Margaret Webster. Introduction by John Mason Brown. A completely revised and enlarged edition of the brilliant book Mark Van Doren called "One of the best books about Shakespeare in this century."
Pub. at $4.50. Members' Price: **2.95**

A TRAIN OF POWDER. By Rebecca West. Six essays on fascinating courtroom trials "which combine the allure of the detective story with the insight of a penetrating treatise on morals and politics."—Charles Rolo, Atlantic.
Pub. at $3.75. Members' Price: **2.45**

EL GRECO. By Antonina Vallentin. A fascinating and definitive study of the life, art and society of one of the most amazing artists of all times. 101 illustrations.
Pub. at $7.50. Members' Price: **3.95**

DESIGN OF THE UNIVERSE. By Fritz Kahn. One of the most comprehensive and authoritative books about the strange new universe uncovered by science. 150 illus.
Pub. at $5.00. Members' Price: **2.95**

THE BORZOI TURGENEV. A fresh and accurate translation by Harry Stevens of four of Turgenev's novels—Fathers and Sons, Smoke, On the Eve, and Rudin—and three of his long stories. 801 pages.
Pub. at $4.95. Members' Price: **2.75**

AMERICAN PHILOSOPHY. Edited by Ralph B. Winn. Sixteen contemporary American philosophers disuss three centuries of American thought and philosophy in all their varied aspects.
Pub. at $6.00. Members' Price: **2.95**

EXPRESSION OF EMOTIONS IN MAN AND ANIMALS. By Charles Darwin. Introduction by Margaret Mead. A new edition of one of Darwin's most original and important works. It is a startlingly fresh and brilliant inquiry into the non-verbal aspects of communication.
Pub. at $6.00. Members' Price: **2.95**

THE MIRACLE OF LANGUAGE. By Charlton Laird. The adventure of language presented in a way that makes the discoveries and ideas of modern linguistics clear to everyone. "A miracle of writing."—Orville Prescott, N. Y. Times.
Pub. at $4.00. Members' Price: **2.45**

HADRIAN'S MEMOIRS. By Marguerite Yourcenar. The brilliant prize-winning autobiographical novel. "An imaginatively daring 'self-portrait' of Roman Emperor Hadrian"—N. Y. Times.
Pub. at $4.00. Members' Price: **2.95**

YANKEES AND GOD. By Chard Powers Smith. A history of New England culture and the four phases of Puritanism from the 17th to the 20th century. 528 pages.
Pub. at $6.50. Members' Price: **3.45**

THE SPRING OF CIVILIZATION. Ed. by C. A. Robinson, Jr. Complete account of one of the greatest ages in history, as reflected in the works of Aeschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Plato, et al, and in the art of Periclean Athens. With maps and 74 pages of illustrations.
Pub. at $7.50. Members' Price: **3.95**

HARVEST OF WORLD FOLK TALES. Edited by Milton Rugoff. Delightful anthology of fairy tales, tall tales, fables, ghost stories, etc. 200 stories from 19 world areas. Illus. by Joseph Low. 730 pages.
Pub. at $5.00. Members' Price: **2.95**

JAPANESE THEATRE. By Faubion Bowers. Many excellent photographs, some in full-color, three Kabuki plays and a foreword by Joshua Logan bring to life the exotic theatre arts of Japan.
Pub. at $6.00. Members' Price: **3.95**

BALLET PANORAMA. World's greatest ballet companies in nearly 300 photographs (five in full-color) by Baron. Memorable moments captured with beauty and grace. 8¼" x 11¼". Text by Arnold Haskell.
Pub. at $7.50. Members' Price: **3.95**

ENCYCLOPEDIA OF THE ARTS. Edited by Dagobert D. Runes and Harry G. Schrickel. Comprehensive survey of all the arts of all times and places — architecture, dance, sculpture, music, film, drama, literature, etc. 1064 pages.
Pub. at $10. Members' Price: **3.95**

The TREASURY OF PHILOSOPHY *is the most extensive one-volume anthology of philosophical writings ever collected. Edited by Dagobert D. Runes, this monumental volume contains the wisdom of the ages from the 6th Century B.C. to the present day. Here are carefully chosen excerpts from the writings of 375 great thinkers with each selection accompanied by a useful biographical sketch. The handsome 1280-page, $15 edition of the* TREASURY OF PHILOSOPHY *is yours free with membership in the Marboro Book Club.*

Mail this charter membership enrollment form to:* MARBORO BOOK CLUB, *222 Fourth Ave., New York 3, N. Y.

Please enroll me as a member of the Marboro Book Club. It is understood you will send me a FREE gift copy of the TREASURY OF PHILOSOPHY with the purchase of my first selection at the special member's price indicated at the right. I agree to accept four additional books during the coming year. Forthcoming selections and alternates will be described to me in an advance bulletin and I may decline any book simply by returning the printed form always provided. I will receive a BONUS BOOK for every four additional books I accept and I may resign at any time after accepting four additional books.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ ZONE____ STATE_____

(Prices slightly higher in Canada)

GUARANTEE: If you are not completely satisfied with this CHARTER MEMBERSHIP OFFER, you may return the books within 7 days and your membership will be cancelled.

MR-2

CHECK YOUR FIRST SELECTION HERE:

- ☐ Shakespeare Without Tears — To members — only $2.95
- ☐ A Train of Powder — To members — only $2.45
- ☐ El Greco — To members — only $3.95
- ☐ Design of the Universe — To members — only $2.95
- ☐ The Borzoi Turgenev — To members — only $2.75
- ☐ American Philosophy — To members — only $2.95
- ☐ Expression of Emotions — To members — only $2.95
- ☐ The Miracle of Language — To members — only $2.45
- ☐ Hadrian's Memoirs — To members—only $2.95
- ☐ Yankees and God — To members—only $3.45
- ☐ The Spring of Civilization — To members—only $3.95
- ☐ Harvest of World Folk Tales — To members—only $2.95
- ☐ Japanese Theatre — To members—only $3.95
- ☐ Ballet Panorama — To members—only $3.95
- ☐ Encyclopedia of the Arts — To members—only $3.95

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED